

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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Fifth Series,
Volume LVI. }

No. 2211.—November 6, 1886.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXI.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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A TALK WITH ST. PETER.

O PETER, wherefore didst thou doubt?
Indeed, the scud flew fast about,
But he was there whose walking foot
Could make the wandering hills take root;
And he had said, Come down to me,
Else had thy foot not touched the sea.
Christ did not call thee to thy grave—
Was it the boat that made thee brave?

"Easy for thee who wast not there,
To think thou more than I couldst dare!
It hardly fits thee, though, to mock,
Scared as thou wast that railway shock!
Who saidst this morn, 'Wife, we must go;
The plague will soon be here, I know!'
Who, when thy child slept—not to death—
Saidst, 'Life is now not worth a breath!'"

Too true, great fisherman! I stand
Rebuked of waves seen from the land!
Even the lashing of the spray,
The buzzing fears of any day,
Rouse anxious doubt lest I should find
God neither in the spray nor wind;
But now and then, as once to thee,
The Master turns and looks at me.

And now to him I turn: My Lord,
Help me to fear nor fire nor sword;
Let not the cross itself appal—
Know I not thee the Lord of all!
Let reeling brain nor fainting heart
Wipe out the sureness that thou art!
Oh, deeper thou than doubt can go,
Make my poor hope cry out "I know."

Then when it pleases thee to say,
"Come to my side"—some stormy way,
My feet, atoning to thy will,
Shall, heaved and tossed, walk toward thee
still;
No leaden heart shall sink me where
Prudence is crowned with cold despair;
But I shall reach and clasp thy hand,
And on the sea forget the land.

Sunday Magazine. GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE DEATH OF LOVE.

AND is he dead at last? He lingered long,
Despite the fever-fits of doubt and pain;
It seemed that faith had wov'n a web so strong,
'Twould keep him till his pulse beat true
again;

Centre of so much youth and hope and trust,
How could he crumble into common dust?

Cold blew the icy winds of circumstance,
Prudence and penury stood side by side,
Barbing the arrow shot by crafty chance,
Snatching the balsam from the wounds of
pride;

Slander spiced well the cup false friendship
gave,

And so Love died. Where shall we make his
grave?

Scatter no roses on the bare, black earth.

Plant no white lilies; no blue violet bloom.

Weak in his death as feeble in his birth,

Why should life strive to sanctify his tomb?

Even gentle memory is by Truth forbid

To honor aught that died as light Love did.

Let the rank grasses flourish fearlessly,

With no fond footstep brushing them away;

While the young life he troubled, strong and
free,

Turns to the promise of the world's new day,

Leaving the darkening skies to close above

The unhallowed burial-place of shallow Love.

All The Year Round.

LOVEMAKING IN PADDY-LAND.

I. — *Under Kitty's window.*

"AH, then; who is that there talkin'?"

"Sure it's only me, ye know.

I was thinkin' we'd go walkin' —"

"Wor ye raly *thinkin'* so?"

"Och, ye needn't be so cruel,

An' me thrudged this siven mile —"

"Is it cruel, Michael, jewel,

Sure I'm dhressin' all the while."

II. — *Before Michael's cottage.*

"There, now, that's my cottage, Kitty."

"Is it, Mike?"

"Yis; an' isn't it pretty?"

"Hm! — lonesome like."

"Lonesome!" (Now's your minute!

Michael, sthrike!)

"Darlint, if *you* wor in it —"

"Arrah, Mike!"

ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

Temple Bar.

ROSES.

NATURE has fashioned as fair

Which of her posies?

Man in his choicest parterre

Treasures his roses.

Rose of the garden, by man beguiled

Thou hast grown double in art;

Sweet single rose of the woodland wild,

I can see straight to thy heart.

Dearest art thou when the day

Wanes in the west,

Luring young lovers to stray

Forth in thy quest;

Till with her golden heart sighing perfume,

Her cheek faint flushing above,

They have found and plucked the perfect
bloom

Of the deathless rose of love.

Spectator.

A. P. G.

From The Nineteenth Century.
PRISONERS AS WITNESSES.

ONE of the measures which came to nothing in the last Parliament, and which it may be hoped will be passed by the present one, was Lord Bramwell's bill for making accused persons competent witnesses in criminal cases.

Something may now be added from actual experience to what is already familiar in theory to all persons who care about such discussions. I refer to the practical working of the statutes which have, in some particular cases, made prisoners competent witnesses. The most important of these statutes is the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885, which renders persons accused of various offences against women competent, though not compellable witnesses.

These statutes have effected two things. In the first place they have made the law as it stands so inconsistent that it can hardly remain in its present condition. It is a monstrous absurdity that a man should be allowed to give evidence if he is charged with a rape or with an indecent assault upon a female, but not if he is charged with analogous offences, even more disgusting and more likely to be made the subject of a false accusation; * that if a man is charged with personating a voter he should be allowed to be examined as a witness, but not if he is accused of personation with intent to defraud; that he should be competent if he is charged with sending an unseaworthy ship to sea or with being unlawfully in possession of explosives, but not if he is charged with manslaughter by negligently causing loss of life on a ship or by negligently dealing

with explosives. These and some other contrasts which might be mentioned justify the law. It is impossible to justify both the rule and the exceptions which have been made to it.

There is, however, another thing which the provisions in question have done. They have exemplified the manner in which the evidence of prisoners works, and have illustrated the principles upon which its importance depends.

I have gained much experience on this matter since the Criminal Law Amendment Act came into force in the autumn of last year. Since that time I have tried a great many cases in which prisoners were competent witnesses. In most of these cases, though not in all, they were called, and I have thus had the opportunity of seeing how the system works in actual practice. My experience has confirmed and strengthened the opinion upon the subject which I have held for many years, and maintained on various occasions,* that the examination of prisoners as witnesses, or at least their competency, is favorable in the highest degree to the administration of justice; that the value of a prisoner's evidence varies according to the circumstances of each particular case as much as the evidence of any other class of witnesses does; and that therefore it is as unwise to exclude the evidence of prisoners as it would be to exclude the evidence of any other class of persons arbitrarily chosen.

No theory on which the evidence of prisoners ought to be excluded can be suggested which does not really come to this — that the probability that a prisoner will speak the truth is so much diminished by his interest in the result of the trial that it is not worth while to hear what he has to say. I do not think that any one ever held this theory completely in the crude form in which I have stated it, for so stated it involves the monstrous result that no prisoner ought to be allowed, even if he is undefended, to tell his own story to the jury, but that all prisoners ought to be confined to remarking upon the evidence given for or against them. This

* The most singular of these contrasts arises no doubt from a slip in the drafting of the bill. A prisoner is a competent witness if he is charged with indecent assault, but not if he is charged with an assault with intent to commit a rape. Section 20 of the Act of 1885 makes prisoners competent witnesses in the case of all offences under that act or under "s. 48 and ss. 52-55 both inclusive" of the Offences against the Person Act (24 & 25 Vict. c. 100). An assault with intent to commit rape is punishable not under these sections, but under s. 38 of 24 & 25 Vict. c. 100, which punishes all assaults with intent to commit felony. If no other alteration is made, ss. 61 and 62 of c. 100 and so much of s. 20 as relates to charges of assault with intent to ravish should be included in the references in s. 20 of the Act of 1885.

* See, e.g., my History of the Criminal Law, vol. i., pp. 440-46.

appears to me to reduce the theory to an absurdity. It may, however, be worth while to dwell a little upon the reasons why the theory is absurd. It is, in the first place, obvious that it assumes the prisoner's guilt, for if the truth is in his favor the prisoner's interest is to speak the truth as fully and exactly as he can, and it is therefore probable that he will do his best so to speak it. This remark, if followed out, explains the whole matter. It is waste of time to try to lay down general rules as to the weight of evidence and the credit of witnesses. What really has to be determined is the probability that this or that statement is true; and this task cannot be undertaken unless and until the statement is made. No doubt the interest which a witness has in the result of the inquiry must always be entitled to consideration as bearing upon the probability of different parts of his statement. No doubt also it may in particular cases be not only a leading but a decisive consideration. In such cases due allowance can be made, and the evidence given may be thrown out of account; but the importance of this depends on time, place, and circumstance, and varies from case to case and statement to statement. Interest, in other words, ought in reason to be treated as an objection to the credit of a witness and not to his competence.

No one can deny this who is not prepared to maintain that it was a mistake to alter the old law as to incompetency by interest, and indeed to maintain in addition that it did not go far enough. By that law the smallest pecuniary interest in the event of a trial made a witness incompetent, but no interest in relation to affection or character had that effect. A man was always a competent witness for or against his son or his brother, and he might be a competent witness in a case in which his own character and all his prospects in life were at stake. As regarded all witnesses, prisoners upon trial only excepted, the restriction as to money interest has long since been abolished. Why should a much wider exclusive rule be retained in that single case?

The principal object of this paper is to show by illustrations taken from actual

experience that the value of the evidence given by prisoners is exactly like the value of the evidence given by other witnesses, and that though their interest in the result must always be taken into account, and is in many cases so important as to destroy altogether the value of their evidence, there are also many cases in which it is of great and even of decisive importance. These matters are most easily understood by illustrations, and I will accordingly proceed to attempt to prove what I have said by references to actual cases which have been tried before me, and which are so chosen as to illustrate the different degrees of importance which may attach to the evidence of accused persons.

I am sorry to be obliged to take most of my illustrations from cases of sexual crime; but this cannot be helped, because most of the cases in which prisoners are by law competent to testify have arisen under the Criminal Law Amendment Act. It is not, however, necessary for my purpose to enter into any details of an offensive character. I will begin with cases which appear to me to illustrate the doctrine that the evidence of prisoners may often be unimportant.

A man was indicted under the Criminal Law Amendment Act for the seduction of a girl under sixteen. About the facts there was no dispute, but the prisoner was defended on the ground that he believed the girl to be of the age of seventeen. She admitted that she had told him she was seventeen. His counsel said that he should not call the prisoner. He would of course say, if he were called, that he believed the girl, but as this would be merely his own statement as to his own state of mind it would add nothing to the case. His evidence would thus be superfluous. The jury acquitted the prisoner, seeing no reason to doubt that the girl had made the statement, and probably regarding her appearance as such that the prisoner might naturally believe the statement made by her to be true. In this case the prisoner's evidence was sure to be given if asked for, whether it was true or false, and was therefore worthless.

This case is a typical one, and suggests a general principle which may be illus-

trated in many ways as to the value of the evidence of prisoners and of interested witnesses. It is, that the evidence of a deeply interested witness, given on the side which his interest would incline him to give it, is of no value when the circumstances are such that he cannot be contradicted on the subject matter of his evidence. This principle is of very general application, and reaches its height when the matter to which the prisoner testifies is a fact passing in his own mind, such as knowledge, belief, intention, or good faith. Did you in good faith believe the girl's statement that she was seventeen and not sixteen? Did you, when at twelve o'clock at night you bought for a small price from a man whom you did not know, and who concealed his face, a quantity of government stores of which he gave no account, know that they were stolen? Did you, when you fired a pistol straight at an enemy and wounded him, intend to do him grievous bodily harm?—are questions which it is idle to ask, because they are sure to be answered in one way, and because no reasonable person would be affected in his judgment on the subject by the answer. Bare reluctance to commit perjury is shown by daily experience to be far too feeble a motive to counteract any strong interest in doing so. No doubt honorable men in common life feel as if it would be morally impossible for them to tell a wilful lie on a solemn occasion like a trial in a court of justice, whether upon oath or not, and many men would no doubt undergo great loss and inconvenience rather than do so; but this reluctance, I feel convinced, proceeds much more than they suppose from the fear of being contradicted and found out. There are temptations under which almost every one would lie, and in the face of which no man's word ought to be taken. The fact that the most respectable, most pious, and most virtuous of men denied upon oath that he had committed some disgraceful act, especially if the admission that he had done so would involve not only perjury, but a shameful breach of confidence, would weigh little with me in considering the question of his guilt. His character would, or might, weigh heavily in his

favor, but his oath would to my mind hardly add to it perceptibly. Voltaire asked long ago whose life would be safe if even a virtuous man was able to kill him by a mere wish; and the case is the same with regard to perjury. Unite a strong temptation to lie with a strong interest in lying and security from discovery, and it is all but morally certain that the lie will follow.*

I will give a few more instances of the way in which this principle works, and I may observe that it affords a rule by which it is often possible to test the justice of the complaint, often used as a topic of grievance by counsel, that the prisoner's mouth is closed. A woman was tried for murder under the following circumstances. She lived as servant to an old farmer on one of the most barren, out-of-the-way moors in England, near the place at which the five northern counties closely approach each other. The only other inmate of the house was a young man, the farmer's son. The old man and the servant were sitting together one evening when the young man came in, and said he had been at the nearest village and seen some one there, about whom he laughed at the girl. The farmer did not know what his son referred to, nor was there any evidence on the subject. The son left the room. The girl also left soon afterwards, and returned after a short absence. The son did not return, and after waiting for him a considerable time the father went to bed, leaving the girl sitting up. A point to which some importance was afterwards attached was that the dogs remained quiet all night, which, it was suggested, went to show that no stranger approached the house. In the morning the girl called the old man down and told him that on going out to see after the cows she had noticed blood on the walls of the cowhouse, which had trickled down from chinks in the floor of a room above it, used as a sort of workshop. In this room was found the dead body of the

* The following is a quaint illustration of the way in which this matter is sometimes regarded. An old American attorney once observed: "A man who would not perjure himself to save a woman's character must be such an infernal scoundrel that I would not believe him on his oath, although I knew what he said was true."

young man. He had been killed by several terrible blows from a stone-breaker's hammer kept in the room, which was found lying near him; and the position of the body and the hammer made it clear that he must have been stooping down lacing his boots when some one armed with the hammer, striking him from behind, knocked him down with a terrible blow in the face, and afterwards despatched him by breaking his skull. There were various other circumstances in the case, but these were the most important of them. Some which appeared to throw suspicion on the girl were rendered doubtful by the fact that the old man, on whose testimony they depended, completely contradicted at the trial the evidence he had given about them before the magistrates, excusing himself by saying that he was so agitated and broken down by the murder of his son that he could not depend on his memory. The girl was acquitted, and, as I thought, properly, as the whole matter was left in mystery. That she had an opportunity of committing the crime was clearly proved; there was some evidence, though not enough to exclude a reasonable doubt on the subject, to show that no one else could have committed it. Nothing in any way resembling a motive for the crime was proved, or even suggested, and the matter was thus left incomplete.

If this matter had been investigated according to the French system, the girl would have been put in solitary confinement and examined in private for weeks or months as to every incident of her life, in order to discover, if possible, circumstances which would show a motive for the crime which would have been imputed to her, and to sift to the utmost a number of minute circumstances in the case which I have passed over because they were imperfectly ascertained. It is impossible to say what the result might have been, and it is not worth while to consider it, as no one would propose the introduction of this mode of inquiry into this country. The point here to be noticed is that, if she had been a competent witness according to English law, her evidence, assuming her innocence, could have done her no good, nor if she were guilty would it have exposed her to much risk, unless she had gone out of the way to tell lies in her own favor, as a guilty person very probably might. Suppose her innocent—all she could have had to say would have been that she knew nothing about the man's death; that she left the room to look after the cows or for some other purpose; that whilst absent

she neither saw nor heard anything suspicious; that, after sitting up in vain for the man's return, she went out again to the cows and found the blood, and so the body. If her guilt is assumed, she would be able to tell the same story, as there was no one to contradict her and nothing of importance to explain. Her evidence, therefore, would have been in the particular circumstances of the case wholly unimportant.

This no doubt is speculation upon what would have happened had the law been some years since what it is now proposed to make it. I will give an instance of the same kind under the Criminal Law Amendment Act. A man was tried for an attempt to ravish, which was undoubtedly committed by some one. His guilt was positively sworn to by the girl herself, and by two if not three other witnesses who were near. His defence was an alibi. He said he was at dinner at his mother's house at the time when the offence was committed. He called a number of witnesses in support of his story, who had seen him at different times on his way there, at the house, and on his way back. The persons in the house gave evidence as to the time during which he stayed there. His own evidence accordingly added only this fact, that between the time when he was last seen going towards his mother's house and the time when he arrived there he was not engaged in committing the crime, but in walking along the road. On a close inquiry into times and places, it turned out that all that was necessary for him to say, on the supposition of his guilt, was to alter the time of his arrival at his mother's by a very few minutes. Any accused person who was not prepared to admit his guilt would go as far as that in the direction of perjury.

Further illustrations may be found in the case of almost all offences committed at night. "When you say I was committing burglary or night-poaching I was in fact at home and asleep in bed, and both my wife and I are prepared to swear to it now that the law has opened our mouths." If the law were altered, I should expect such defences to be set up in almost every case of the kind; but I should hope juries would be slow to acquit in consequence of it if the evidence for the prosecution were, independently of it, enough to warrant a conviction.

Though the evidence of an accused person on a point in which he is interested and cannot be contradicted ought to be regarded as worthless in the way of prov-

ing his innocence, the absence of such evidence may, under particular circumstances, go far to prove his guilt; for it is a fact, and a very strange one, that criminals will now and then shrink from denying the commission of crimes from the actual commission of which they have not shrunk. The working of the Criminal Law Amendment Act has furnished very curious illustrations of this. A girl swore that her master committed an offence upon her in his shop, and that immediately afterwards he suggested to a friend who came into the shop that he should do the same. The friend persuaded the girl (so she said) to go with him to his house to get some grapes, and, when he got there, committed the same offence. That the girl had gone to her master's shop, that his friend had come in and had persuaded her to go to his house to get grapes, was clearly proved; but the commission of the two offences rested upon her testimony, which was in itself open to many objections, showing, to say the least, great inaccuracy and confusion as to time and place, and being in several particulars intrinsically improbable. If the master's friend had sworn to his innocence and had said that all that passed between him and the girl was that he took her to his house and gave her some grapes, and that the rest of her story was false, I think he would have been acquitted, but he refused to be called as a witness. The jury convicted him, I suppose, considering it incredible that a man falsely accused of such an odious crime should not deny it upon his oath when he had the opportunity. The girl's master did give evidence. He swore that the girl's story was totally false as regarded his having committed the crime. The girl, he said, had been sent to his shop (which was some distance from his house) on an errand, and had, after a short interval and some joking with his friend who came in, left it in the friend's company. The jury acquitted him, being greatly dissatisfied with the girl's evidence. This was a very singular case. It clearly shows that in the class of cases under consideration accused persons will, if the law is altered, have to swear to their innocence, unless the facts of the case are undisputed, or else be taken, and not unjustly, to have confessed their guilt.

No doubt there are cases in which silence does not admit guilt. A number of men were indicted for a rape; their defence was consent, of which there was strong evidence in the prosecutrix's own

story. Two of them gave evidence, but the second of the two made such a pitiable exhibition of himself, especially in answering questions asked of him by the jury, that the rest preferred to keep silence. They were all acquitted, but this was because their evidence could not have materially varied the facts, whilst their silence was under the circumstances not surprising and not inconsistent with the defence set up. All that their silence admitted was that they had been concerned in a disgraceful transaction.

Cases sometimes occur in which the evidence of a prisoner is useless because it is out of his power to give the only evidence which would be of use to him. A man was tried for murder. He had spent the greater part of the day before the murder with the murdered man, and was seen in his company late at night near the place where his dead body was discovered next morning. In the course of the morning after the discovery of the murder the prisoner exhibited to several people the murdered man's watch, and finally sold it to a companion, who kept it for some time, and minutely described it at the trial. Hearing of the murder, and fearing he might get into trouble about the watch, the purchaser gave it back to the prisoner. The prisoner did not produce it at the trial, and neither gave nor suggested any account of it. This the jury regarded as being inconsistent with any other supposition than that he did not produce it because it had belonged to the murdered man, and so would, if produced, have procured his conviction. It is obvious that in this case the prisoner's evidence would have been useless, unless he had been able to produce or account for the watch. As the charge against him was murder, he was not a competent witness; but a very similar case under the Criminal Law Amendment Act occurred very lately. A man was indicted for a rape. The question was as to the identity of the prisoner, as to which the account of the prosecutrix was highly unsatisfactory, or at least very doubtful. The prisoner was a soldier. The prosecutrix saw him with other men at the barracks soon after the crime. She hesitated as to his identity, and even denied it at one time, though at the trial she spoke to it with the utmost confidence, giving reasons for her previous mistakes. On this evidence, had it stood alone, the man must have been acquitted. The woman had, however, been robbed of a purse containing three or four coins, which she specified — one being a half-sovereign,

kept in a small compartment of the purse with a separate clasp. It was proved that immediately after the commission of the offence the prisoner was at a public house, in which he saw an amber mouthpiece for cigars. He bought it from the landlord after some talk, in the course of which he displayed a purse exactly corresponding to the description of her purse given by the prosecutrix, not only in its shape, color, and material, but in the coins it contained, and the way they were distributed in it. The prisoner said nothing of the purse, and did not produce it. This caused his conviction. He was not called as a witness,* and there would have been no use in calling him if he had not been able to produce a purse like the one seen by the publican but different from the one stolen from the prosecutrix.

This was an instructive case in another way. If it had not been for the purse, the prisoner would probably have been acquitted on account of the weakness of the evidence of the prosecutrix, and his evidence would have been immaterial even if hers had been stronger. He was unquestionably near the place at the time of the crime, and had not more than perhaps a quarter of an hour to account for. If he had sworn that he was lounging about the streets (as he had been just before) for this quarter of an hour, and did not commit the crime, his evidence would, for reasons already given, have made no difference. It may seem to be paradoxical to say so, but it is nevertheless true that the class of accused persons who will get least advantage from having their mouths opened are those who are entirely innocent of and unconnected with the crime of which they are charged—people who have nothing to conceal and nothing to explain. The only way in which the most innocent man can prove his innocence of a crime, of which he knows nothing whatever, is by proving (as by an alibi) that it was physically impossible that he should commit the crime; this in many cases he would be able to do only by his own uncorroborated assertion. "I was sitting quietly writing letters in my library at the time when you say I was committing a crime" would in many cases be all a man could say, and of such a statement he might have no corroboration whatever, and he might well have the means of leaving the room undiscovered.

* This was, I believe, because it did not occur to his counsel that he was a competent witness; the crime was committed before the act came into force, and the trial took place afterwards. I should have admitted his evidence if it had been tendered.

If, however, there is a possibility of corroboration, the fact that a man can supply, so to speak, the threads on which the corroborating facts are strung may be of the greatest importance. A man was tried for a rape. His defence was an alibi. He gave a complete account of the way in which he passed the whole period during which the crime was being committed, and was corroborated as to several of the incidents which he said had happened during the interval. He had been at work making a bridge over a ditch; he came from thence to a corner of a field, where he heard some children returning from a school feast use language for which he reproved them. He went to his lodgings and remained there writing a letter for a considerable time, and finally he went to a club to which he belonged at a public house some short way off. He was corroborated on each of these points. One man had lent him tools for his work and had seen him employed there. The children to whom he had spoken described where he was standing, what he said, and what gave occasion for his reproof. Several little incidents were proved about his writing his letter and leaving it to be posted, and his arriving at his club, and so on. No doubt these facts might have been independently proved, and they might have had the same effect as they had in fact, but nothing could have given the effect of the ease, vivacity, and spirit with which he told his story, his entire absence of embarrassment, and the confidence with which he dealt with all the different questions put to him.

It must never be forgotten in connection with this subject that there are differences between people who tell the truth and people who lie, which it is not easy to specify, but which are none the less marked and real. I have known cases in which a jury has acquitted merely upon hearing an accused person tell his tale, and in which I felt perfectly confident they were right. A girl, between thirteen and sixteen, prosecuted a hawk for an offence against her under the act of 1885. He had no counsel, and he did not much cross-examine her, but he gave his own account of the matter in a way which led the jury to stop the case and declare that they did not believe a word of the girl's story. Theoretically, the two stories were no more than an affirmation on the one side and a contradiction on the other. The girl affirmed that the man had committed the offence, and that he had, when charged by her and her mother, admitted

it; and the mother corroborated her daughter as to the last assertion. The man denied the offence, and said (and in this his wife confirmed him) that when the girl came to his house he threatened to kick her out and prosecute her. More particularly, the girl declared that on a particular day and at a particular place the man called her into the house and committed the offence. The man gave a minute description of where he was and what he was doing on the day in question, of his having met the girl and scolded or, as he called it, "chastised" her for some fault, and of her behavior to him on the occasion. It would not be easy even by entering into minute details to give all the reasons for my opinion, but I do not think that any one who heard this man give his evidence could have doubted its entire truth. He was a grave, elderly man, with no kind of special talent, and with a slight impediment or imperfection in his speech; but all that he said had upon it the mark of honesty and sincerity, and the details which he gave — though, having no legal advice, he was not prepared to prove them by independent evidence — were in themselves some guarantee of his truthfulness. It is little less than a monstrous denial of justice that a man so situated should be deprived of the opportunity of telling the truth in his own behalf under every sanction for his truthfulness that can be devised; and I think that nothing but the force of almost inveterate habit could blind us to the fact.

It ought not, however, to be forgotten that the opening of the mouths of prisoners opens a way to falsehood as well as to truth, and sometimes to falsehood which it is difficult at the moment to unmask. I have known cases in which — as it appeared to me — failures of justice have occurred because the prisoner, either from artfulness or from mere blundering, kept back till the last moment some more or less specious topic of defence, and brought it out at last when it was too late to test the matter properly. Three soldiers were tried for a rape, which no doubt was committed. The evidence against perhaps the most prominent of them was that he had a bugle upon which he repeatedly blew while the crime was being committed, the whole party being probably more or less in liquor. He swore positively, and with many piteous appeals, that he was not only innocent, but that it was physically impossible for him to blow upon a bugle because he had lost his front teeth, which loss he exhibited to the jury.

Several persons in court, and one of the jurymen, professed to be acquainted with playing on the bugle, and one of them swore to his conviction that it was in fact physically impossible that the prisoner should play. The jury, upon this, acquitted all the three prisoners, thinking, no doubt, that a failure in the identification of one of the three greatly shook the evidence against the other two. I was afterwards informed that the bugle was actually taken from the man on his return to the barracks shortly after the offence. Whether I was rightly informed I cannot, of course, say; but the prisoner undoubtedly by keeping his defence back to the last moment, and then bringing it unexpectedly before the jury, got an advantage which he assuredly ought not to have had.

This trick of keeping back a defence is one of the most dangerous to public justice which could be played by persons accused of crime. I have known many cases of it, and I think it is well worthy of consideration whether, before their committal, prisoners ought not to be examined before the magistrates, and whether a power of adjournment might not be entrusted to judges when such points are raised, in order that they might be properly dealt with.

It would be of little use or interest to multiply these stories. It is enough to say that they show clearly, in respect at all events of one particular class of crimes, that the evidence of an accused person resembles that of any other witness in all essential respects — that is to say, its value varies from case to case according to circumstances. In the case of a man, truthful, resolute, with a good memory and adequate power of expression, it is great, and may, under circumstances, be decisive. In other cases it is of less importance; in many instances it is practically of no more use than a bare plea of not guilty; and this, I think, is more than enough to show that it ought never to be excluded, but in all cases be taken for whatever it may be worth.

I have already observed upon the circumstance that the numerous exceptions to the general rule of law which have now been introduced into it make the law an absurdity. It is impossible to justify both the rule and the exception. But this is not the only observation which arises upon the present state of the law. Another is, that the class of crimes as to which the most important exception to the rule which incapacitates prisoners as

witnesses is made is far from being the one in which that rule is most likely to be mischievous. In regard of offences of an indecent character there is, as a rule, a plain, well-marked question of fact. Were certain things done or not, and was the prisoner the man who did them? But in respect of crimes against property this is not the case. Such offences are often complicated transactions, full of details, of which different views may be taken and different accounts given, on the special nature of which depends the question of guilt or innocence. A case of theft, false pretences, embezzlement, or fraudulent bankruptcy will often turn upon matters in which it is of the utmost importance that the prisoner should be examined and cross-examined. I remember a case in which a prisoner was tried for embezzlement. He was defended by counsel, and was convicted. When called upon to say why he should not be sentenced, he gave an account of the transaction which his counsel had never suggested, but which, on questioning the witnesses who had testified against him, appeared to be, to say the very least, so highly probable, that the jury desired to withdraw their verdict, and instead to return a verdict of not guilty, which was done. This was an illustrative case, and one of considerable interest. It shows both the strong and the weak sides of the proposed change in the law. It shows its strong side, because it gives an instance in which a man was enabled by telling his own story to escape from what would presumably have been an unjust conviction. It shows, or rather suggests, its weakness, because it shows how great an opportunity the examination of prisoners might afford for artfully contrived frauds and evasions of justice. Each of these observations requires some development.

To take the strong side first. It must always be borne in mind that the business of prosecuting and defending prisoners, though in some respects the most important branch of legal business, is the least important of all if it is measured in money, and that it is in many cases in the hands of the lowest class of solicitors and the least experienced class of barristers. A great criminal trial, in which the prisoner has plenty of money, and in which the prosecution is conducted by the Treasury, is susceptible of little improvement, but the case with the common run of criminal business is totally different. If the prisoner is not defended at all, he may, and often does, fall into every kind of mistake. He may

have a good defence, and not know how to avail himself of it. He may be shy and ill instructed, and not put it forward at the proper time. He is probably not aware of his rights in respect to the calling of witnesses, and may therefore not be prepared with them at his trial. If, on the other hand, he is defended, he is in all probability in the hands of a solicitor of the lowest class, to whom he and his friends probably give some very small sum, say 2*l.* or 3*l.* The solicitor gets from the clerk to the magistrates a copy of the depositions, puts on the back of them a sheet of paper endorsed "Brief for the prisoner, Mr. —, one guinea," pays some junior counsel 1*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*, and tells him that the nature of the case appears from the depositions. The counsel does as well as he can upon his materials, repeating with more or less energy and ingenuity the commonplaces appropriate to the occasion, and making the most of whatever he may have been able to obtain by cross-examination. The result is, that if the case of a pauper client presents any intricacy or requires any special attention, it is very apt to be mismanaged and misunderstood. I have no doubt that in the case of embezzlement to which I have referred, something like this had happened. The prisoner's counsel was a busy and able man, he had obviously no instructions which deserved the name, and I suppose knew nothing about the case beyond what the depositions told him and what the prisoner could tell him in a few hurried, unintelligible whispers from the dock, and so he exposed his client to an imminent risk of conviction.

From dangers of this sort prisoners would be effectually protected by being made competent witnesses. They would be sure, at all events, of telling their own stories and, if the judge was competent and patient, of having them understood.

In order to appreciate the importance of this it is necessary to bear in mind the fact that it is often exceedingly difficult to understand prisoners, and to appreciate the real nature of what they have to say, and also that it is quite essential to justice that they should be understood, and lastly that far the easiest and safest way of doing this is by questioning them. A prisoner, generally speaking, is an ignorant, uneducated man, dreadfully frightened, very much confused, and almost always under the impression that the judge and the jury know as much about his case as he does himself, and are able at once to appreciate whatever he says

about it, although what he has to say consists mainly of imperfect allusions which he does not explain. I remember a case in which five or six men were tried for wounding A. with various intents, also for wounding B. with various intents, also for being armed by night in search of game. The defence of some of them was that two parties of poachers set out at night together in company; that at a certain point they separated, one having a white dog with them and the other what they called a red dog; that after they separated the party with the white dog met the keepers and police, and committed the different offences with which all were charged, whereas the party with the red dog had nothing to do with them. The men were tried three separate times on the three charges I have mentioned. It was only by degrees that they succeeded in making their defence intelligible. At the first trial the only hint given of it was by one of the red dog party who asked one of the witnesses the color of the dog he said he had seen with the men whom he identified. The witness said it was white. "That's a — lie," said the prisoner, "it were red." Not a word was said to explain in any way the meaning of the question or the importance of the answer. It requires a good deal both of patience and experience to understand and disentangle the stories which prisoners often set up. At an assize held a few months ago, a good many of the prisoners took it into their heads to write their defences, and to ask that they might be read to the jury. They were strange compositions, but it was usually possible, though difficult, not only to extract from them an intelligible defence, but to examine the witnesses by the help of it in such a way as to test its truth. One prisoner, I remember, who was charged with theft, made bitter complaints, by way of an irregular cross-examination, about his wife, his sister, and several other persons. In his mouth these complaints and reproaches were wholly unintelligible, thanks to the combined effects of ignorance, confusion, fear, and anger; but I found it possible, by giving him hints, which I must own were questions in all but form, to find out what he really meant, which was that the charge against him was a false one, got up from base motives, and founded upon the misrepresentation of innocent actions. The jury thought the defence important enough to justify his acquittal. If he could have been called as a witness, the matter would have

been arranged much more clearly and satisfactorily.

In cases of this kind I have no doubt that it would be in the highest degree conducive to justice to make prisoners competent witnesses; but it must not be forgotten that prisoners are not always needy or ignorant. They are in many cases thoroughly well aware of their position, and are well provided with money and with the professional assistance which money will procure. It certainly is to be feared that in such a case a prisoner would be so well advised as to his position, and as to the strong and weak points of his case, that he would be able in the witness-box to lie with skill and effect. I think that this, especially in capital cases, would be dangerous to the interests of justice. It may be supposed that legal advisers would be too honorable to devise lies for their clients to tell, and I feel no doubt that honorable men would not say openly and crudely, "You must, in order to save your life, swear this or that." I do not believe they would do so, but I have no doubt that in the course of the preparation of the case the client would be made fully aware of its weak as well as its strong points. He would be told where his danger lay. He would be asked to give explanations on this point and that, he would be asked whether such and such persons might not be able to testify on such and such points, and he would in practice require no more. It must also be remembered that people do not in real life repose absolute confidence in their legal advisers, nor are they pressed to do so.* As a rule they put before their advisers as good an account of what has happened as circumstances permit, and leave it to the lawyers to put the matter into shape. The best proof of this is to be found in the evidence given by the parties in civil actions. In nearly every civil action the parties contradict each other more or less, generally on the vital parts of the case. But I think it would be unjust to throw the blame on the solicitors or on the counsel, though no doubt the evidence given is a good deal influenced by the light which the parties get from their legal advisers as to their legal position, and the

* An eminent colleague of mine told me that in his early days at the bar he was asked by the judge to defend a case of murder. He went to the gaol to confer with his client, and asked him, for one thing, how he accounted for the blood with which his waistcoat was covered after the crime. The man seemed puzzled for a moment, and then said, "Well, sir, don't you think you might say that perhaps my nose might have been bleeding?" My friend wished him good morning, and said he had no more to ask.

bearing upon it of particular facts if established. In cases where life, liberty, and character were at stake, I have no doubt contradictions would become more pointed, and the provision of false or misleading evidence more artful and complete. I have, in short, little doubt that, if prisoners were made competent witnesses, there would be a considerable increase in perjury. The same thing was predicted as a natural consequence of the admission of the evidence of parties in civil actions, and I have no doubt that the prophecy has been fulfilled.

Few actions are, in my experience, tried in the superior courts of England and Wales in which there is not a good deal of rash and false swearing, and in a large proportion there is wilful perjury—that is to say, false evidence which cannot be accounted for either by rashness or prejudice or bad memory. I do not suppose, however, that any one would wish to reimpose the old restrictions upon evidence which made the parties to a suit incompetent as witnesses. After all, courts of justice only show the national veracity as it is; they do not make it what it is. False evidence of every kind might at once be put an end to absolutely by shutting up the courts; but if they are to be open, people must take what they get in the way of evidence. I do not think, however, it can be denied that the change suggested would in fact greatly multiply perjury, and it is to be feared that, unless juries could be got to harden their hearts against accused persons and their oaths, wrong acquittals would become even commoner than they are. Jurors are usually ignorant, good-natured men, quite unaccustomed to the administration of justice, and willing to receive any plausible statement consistent with a prisoner's innocence as being enough at least to raise a reasonable doubt on the subject.

If the change in question should be made, it would, I think, be necessary to modify the old doctrine about proving beyond all reasonable doubt the guilt of an accused person, for it would be a matter of moral certainty that whenever a plausible story consistent with innocence could be devised, the prisoner would swear to it and find others to help him.

My experience upon this part of the subject is taken rather from the civil courts than from actual experience in criminal cases, for it is noticeable that in the many scores of cases which I have tried and to which the rule of evidence laid down by the act of 1885 applies, the

accused person has in every case been too poor to be able to make full use of the resources which the act lays open to people who have money and are well advised. If it is true, which I do not believe, that the crimes against which the Criminal Justice Act is directed are principally committed by rich men, it is also true that only those exceptional cases in which they are committed by the lowest and most brutal ruffians come into court. I think, however, that the experience of the Divorce Court would confirm what I have said, both as to the necessity of allowing the parties to a suit to be competent witnesses, and as to the practically irresistible nature of the temptation to perjury which their competency provides.

There is one point on which the public naturally feel much anxiety as to the examination of prisoners, and on which I think the experience of trials under the Criminal Law Amendment Act throws great light. Nothing has operated so strongly as the example of France in causing the public to view with distrust and reluctance the proposal to make prisoners competent witnesses. It has been said that nothing which could be gained in the way of additional evidence by the examination of prisoners could compensate for what would be lost by a diminution of dignity in the whole proceeding, and by placing the judge in an attitude of hostility to the prisoner. With this I entirely agree. The enactment in English courts of the kind of scenes which frequently occur in French courts, apparently without exciting any particular complaint, would certainly completely alter the whole character of our administration of justice; but I think that it may be clearly proved by experience that the consequence apprehended would not follow in fact, and it is not difficult to explain the reason why it would not follow.

As to the fact we have already abundant experience. Since the parties to a civil suit were made competent witnesses in 1851, no complaint has been made that they are worse treated than other witnesses. Notoriously, indeed, they are treated in exactly the same way, and those who are familiar with the actual practice of the courts will, I think, agree with me in the opinion that in the course of the present generation the treatment of witnesses has become gentler than it used to be, or, at all events, simpler and more direct. A stronger instance of the way in which the parties to an action are treated, and one which has a closer resemblance

to what may be expected in criminal cases than the common run of civil actions, is afforded by the Divorce Court. In no class of cases are equally strong feelings excited, in none is perjury of the most artful kind more common or sturdy and determined; but I do not know that it is alleged (my own experience on the subject is too small to be worth mentioning) that the parties to divorce suits are treated in the witness-box with unfairness or cruelty. Certainly no imputation of any want of dignity or impartiality has been thrown on the distinguished judges who have presided in that court. If this is so, what reason is there to fear that prisoners should be worse treated in the witness-box than the parties are treated in civil cases or in divorce suits?

In the trials in which accused persons are competent witnesses I have not observed the smallest tendency to such treatment. I should say that prisoners were cross-examined rather too little than too much. In particular I have hardly ever heard a prisoner cross-examined to his credit as to previous convictions.

As to the reasons of this, they are, I think, plain enough to any one who is acquainted with the spirit of the system and the nature of cross-examination. An English criminal trial is from first to last a question between party and party, and the position of the judge is one of real substantial indifference, in which he has neither any interest nor any vanity to gratify by the prisoner's conviction. This interest, such as it is, is always in favor of an acquittal, which frees him from the exercise of a painful and embarrassing discretion, and the only questions which he has occasion to ask, either of the witnesses or of the prisoner, are such as tend to throw light on points in the case which for any reason are left in obscurity. In cases where the prisoner is poor and undefended this is a most important function, which at present is often discharged imperfectly, under great difficulties, or not at all, as I have already sufficiently shown. In cases in which a prisoner is competently defended the judge would as a rule be not only able but willing to sit still and listen, leaving the responsibility of sifting the facts to those whose natural and proper duty it is to sift them. As for cross-examination by counsel, many false impressions prevail. People who take their view on the subject from actual experience are well aware that counsel of any experience never try to prove their case by cross-examination. In respect

to prisoners, counsel, in my experience, usually regard their duty as done when they have committed the prisoner to contradicting witnesses not likely either to commit perjury or to be mistaken. I have indeed been greatly struck with the moderation and brevity with which prisoners have usually been cross-examined before me. I think indeed, as I have already said, they have been cross-examined rather too little than too much.

A French criminal trial — and it is from the reports of French trials that English people get the notions unfavorable to the examination of prisoners which commonly prevail — is quite a different process from an English one, and proceeds from entirely different principles. It is in its essence an inquiry into the truth of a charge brought forward and supported by public authority, and the duty of the judge is rather to inquire than to direct and moderate. His examination of the prisoner is directed to this object, and the result, no doubt, is to produce scenes much at variance with what our notions, founded as they are upon principles and on practice of an entirely different kind, approve. It is no part of my present purpose to compare the two systems, or to criticise either of them. It is enough to say that there is no danger that a change in the procedure of the English system, made in exact conformity not only with its principles, but with the practice already established and in use in a large and important class of cases, should introduce amongst us what strike us as the defects of a system founded upon and administered according to totally different principles.

One point which appears to me of great practical importance in the matter of the evidence of prisoners is that provision should be made for their being examined as witnesses before they are committed, as well as at their trial. There cannot be a greater pledge of truthfulness and good faith. It is a common form for solicitors to advise their clients, when asked before their committal whether they wish to say anything, to answer, "I reserve my defence." How far this may be a convenient course in the case of a guilty person I do not say, but in the case of an innocent person who has a true and substantial defence to rely upon it is a great advantage to be able to say, "This defence of mine is not an after-thought, it is what I have said all along. It is what I gave my accusers notice of as soon as I had an opportunity." An alibi in particular is greatly strengthened if it is set up at once,

and that for many reasons. In the first place, such a course gives the prosecution an opportunity of making inquiries and testing the evidence of witnesses. In the second place, the evidence of the witnesses is less open to attack, either on the ground of a failure of memory or on the ground of subsequent contrivance.

It is more difficult to say how this desirable result is to be obtained. One way of doing it would be to make the accused person not merely a competent but a compellable witness at every stage of the inquiry; to authorize the magistrates or the prosecutor before the magistrates to call him as a witness; and to provide that unless he gave evidence at the trial his deposition might be given in evidence. This course would no doubt be effectual, and I do not myself see why it should not be taken. I can understand, however, that there might be a feeling against it. It might be regarded as oppressive, and it might not improbably invest a certain number of police officers with a discretion which they are not fit to exercise. It is not uncommon for officers of the police to act as prosecuting solicitors in some parts of England and Ireland, and it may well be that such an addition to their powers would be objectionable. In matters of this sort the popularity of the law is more important than an increase of its efficiency, unless the increase of its efficiency is very great indeed. It is, however, important to obtain as general as possible a recognition of the fact that to keep back a defence is a suspicious thing, and that to bring it forward on the first opportunity is the strongest pledge of sincerity and truthfulness that can be given.

One point closely connected with this subject is the propriety of adding to the permanent and general law a provision to the same effect as that one which lately proved so useful in Ireland for the detection and suppression of systematic crime — power, namely, to the police authorities to hold an inquiry upon oath with a view to discover the authors of a crime, although no one may have been charged with it. It was one of the proposals of the Criminal Code Commission of 1878 that such a power should be given, and a clause to that effect was introduced into the criminal code which that commission prepared. Upon general grounds I cannot understand the objection to such a measure. The practice exists in most parts of the world, and in England the principle is recognized by one of the old-

est of our judicial institutions — the coroner's inquest. Of its utility for the discovery of crime it is necessary only to refer to the case of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. It is, of course, possible to lament that discovery, but there can be no question at all as to the means by which it was brought about. With regard to all questions of the reform of the criminal law, whether in regard to the rules of evidence or otherwise, it must never be forgotten that those who fear that the criminal law may be applied to themselves or their friends for political offences of which they do not morally disapprove do not wish to see the efficiency of its administration increased.

For these various reasons I think that the old rule as to the exclusion of persons accused of crime from competency as witnesses ought to be entirely abolished, and that criminal and civil proceedings should so far be put upon the same footing. It would, however, be wrong, in advocating such a measure, not to point out one inevitable consequence. It is a consequence which has already been incurred in respect of all civil proceedings, and which I believe to be nearly inseparable from all improvements in the law. There are in all legal proceedings two interests which are diametrically opposed to each other, though their opposition is for the most part concealed, because its existence is one of those disagreeable truths which no one likes to admit. They are goodness and cheapness; either object may be attained, but not both. Up to a certain point it is no doubt possible to combine and promote the two objects at once. If you have a system at once inefficient and costly, a system in which fees are imposed at every step for the purpose of providing for useless officials, it is no doubt possible to increase efficiency and economy at the same time by a reduction of establishments and alterations in the law. This state of things did at one time exist to a considerable extent in regard to litigation in England, and it was possible to get the work better done at a less cost by proper alterations, but even at that time reforms usually were found to mean increased expenditure in the long run; and I think that, in regard to the administration of justice, the question in most cases is whether new elaborations are worth the price paid for them. I have a very decided opinion that in civil cases the procedure in the present day is too elaborate, though some recent efforts have been made for its simplification, I

hope with success. I do not think this is so with regard to criminal justice. A certain number of criminal trials are still dealt with, not unfairly, not hastily, but without that degree of care to find out the truth which ought to be employed in every case in which liberty and character, and, indeed, a man's whole prospect of leading a respectable, prosperous life, may be at stake, but which an ignorant, unadvised man cannot be expected to employ for himself. Many circumstances, some of which I cannot now remember, have produced a conviction in my mind that, if the whole truth were known, it would be found that many crimes are not so simple as they look, and that prisoners might often, if fully examined, bring to light facts which would set their conduct in an unsuspected light. This, I think, would certainly lengthen trials and might tend to complicate them considerably. Unless same means were taken to secure the taking of the prisoner's evidence fully before the magistrates, it would in all probability lead to the raising of false issues before juries, and make occasional adjournments for the purpose of summoning new witnesses necessary, and thus in various ways give a good deal of trouble to all the parties concerned; but I think it would contribute largely to the fairness of the ultimate result, and this is the main thing to consider.

J. F. STEPHEN.

From Good Words.

THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BOOK IV.—IN THE NEW LAND.

CHAPTER III.

OUR JULIA'S LOVER.

"WHAT have we done, wife, that we should be consigned to such quarters as these?" said Captain Otway one day, with a sigh. "I don't think I'm too particular, but when I entered his Majesty's service I did not know that I should be expected to play gaoler to the occupants of the government pandemonium."

"It is a beautiful place," said Mrs. Otway laconically.

"It was till we came and spoiled it. It is one great horror, 'pon my word; and it is degrading our men to set them such duty as this."

"Be patient. These troubles cure themselves."

"But they take such a long time over it," said the captain. "It would be more bearable if Phil had not turned goose."

"Poor Phil!" said Mrs. Otway with a sigh.

"Poor Phil? Pooh! you spoil the lad! I can't get him out for a bit of shooting or hunting or fishing. Old Sir Gordon would often give us a cruise in his boat, but no; Phil must sit moonstruck here. The fellow's spoiled. Can't you knock all that on the head?"

"I perhaps could, but it must be a matter of time," said Mrs. Otway, going steadily on with her work, and mending certain articles of attire.

"But he must be cured. It is impossible."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Otway, "so I tell him. I wish it were not."

"My dear Mary, a convict's daughter!"

"The poor girl was not consulted as to whose daughter she would like to be, Jack, and she is, without exception, the sweetest lassie I ever met."

"Yes, she is nice," said Otway. "Mother must have been nice too."

"Is nice," cried Mrs. Otway, flushing. "I felt a little distant with her at first, but after what I have seen and know—by George, Jack, I do feel proud of our sex!"

"Humph!" ejaculated the captain, with a smile at his wife's bluff earnestness. "Yes, she's a good woman; very ladylike too. But that husband, that friend of his, Crellock! Poor creatures! it is ruining them."

"Yes," said Mrs. Otway dryly. "That's one of the misfortunes of marriage; we poor women are dragged down to the level of our husbands."

"And when these husbands come out to convict settlements as gaolers they have to come with them, put up with all kinds of society, give up all their refinements, and make and mend their own dresses, and——"

"Even do their own chores, as the Americans call it," said Mrs. Otway, looking up smiling. "It makes me look very miserable, doesn't it, Jack?"

She stopped her work, went behind her husband's chair, put her arms round his neck, and laid her cheek upon his head.

Neither spoke for a few minutes, but the captain looked very contented and happy, and neither of them heard the step as Bayle came through the house, and out suddenly into the verandah.

"I beg your pardon!" he cried, drawing back.

"Ah, parson! Don't go!" cried the captain, as Mrs. Otway started up, and, in spite of her ordinary aplomb, looked disturbed. "Bad habit of ours acquired since marriage. We don't mind you."

Mrs. Otway held out her hand to their visitor.

"Why, it is nearly a fortnight since you have been to see us. We were just talking about your friends—the Hallams."

"Have you been to see them lately?" said Bayle eagerly.

"I was there yesterday. Quite well; but Mrs. Hallam looks worried and ill. Julia is charming, only she too is not as I should like to see her."

She watched Bayle keenly, and saw his countenance change as she spoke.

"I am very glad they are well," he said.

"Yes, I know you are; but why don't you go more often?"

He looked at her rather wistfully, and made no reply.

"Look here, Mr. Bayle," she said, "I don't think you mind my speaking plainly, now do you? Come, that's frank."

"I will be just as frank," he replied, smiling. "I have always liked you because you do speak so plainly."

"That's kind of you to say so," she replied. "Well, I will speak out. You see there are so few women in the colony."

"Who are ladies," said Bayle quietly.

"Look here," said Otway in a much ill-used tone, "am I expected to sit here and listen to my wife putting herself under the influence of the Church?"

"Don't talk nonsense, Jack!" said Mrs. Otway sharply. "This is serious."

"I'm dumb."

"What I want to say, Mr. Bayle, is this. Don't you think you are making a mistake in staying away from your friends yonder?"

He sat without replying for some minutes.

"No," he said slowly. "I did not give up my visits there till after I had weighed the matter very carefully."

"But you seemed to come out with those two ladies as their guardian, and now, when they seem most to require your help and guidance, you leave them."

"Have you heard anything? Is anything wrong?"

"I have heard nothing, but I have seen a great deal, because I persist in visiting, in spite of Mr. Hallam's objection to my presence."

"I say, my dear, that man is always civil to you, I hope?" cried Otway sharply.

"My dear Jack, be quiet," said Mrs. Otway. "Of course he is. I visit there because I have good reasons for so doing."

"Tell me," said Bayle anxiously.

"I have seen a great deal," continued Mrs. Otway; "but it all comes to one point." Bayle looked at her inquiringly. "That it is very dreadful for those two sweet, delicate women to have come out here to such a fate. The man is dreadful!"

"They will redeem him," said Bayle huskily. "Poor wretch! he has had a terrible experience. This convict life is worse than capital punishment. We must be patient, Mrs. Otway. The habits of a number of years are not got rid of in a few months. He will change."

"Will he?" said Mrs. Otway shortly.

"Yes; they will, as I said before, redeem him. The man has great natural love for his wife and child."

"Do you think this?"

"Yes, yes!" he cried excitedly, as he got up and began to pace the verandah. "I stop away because my presence was like a standing reproach to him. The abstinence gives me intense pain, but my going tended to make them unhappy, and caused constraint, so I stop away."

"And so you think that they will raise him to their standard, do you?" said Mrs. Otway dryly.

"Yes, I do," he cried fervently. "It is only a matter of time."

"How can you be so self-deceiving?" she cried quickly. "He is dragging them down to his level."

"Oh, hush!" cried Bayle passionately. Then mastering his emotion, he continued in his old, firm, quiet way, "No, no; you must not say that. He could not. It is impossible."

"Yes. You are wrong there, Bel," said the captain. "Mrs. Hallam is made of too good stuff."

"I give in," said Mrs. Otway, nodding. "Yes, you two are right. He could not bring that sweet woman down to his level; but all this is very terrible. The man is giving himself up to a life of sensuality, drinking and feasting with that companion of his. There is gambling going on too at night with friends of his own stamp. What a life this is for that refined lady and her child!"

Bayle spoke calmly, but he wiped the great drops of sweat from his brow.

"What can I do?" he said. "I am perfectly helpless."

"I confess I don't know," said Mrs. Otway with a sigh. "Only you and Sir Gordon must be at hand to help them in any emergency."

"Emergency! What do you mean?" anxiously.

"I don't know what may occur. Who knows? Women are so weak," sighed Mrs. Otway; "once they give their faith to a man, they follow him to the end of the world."

"That's true, Bayle, old fellow—to convict stations, and become slaves," said the captain.

"Mr. Bayle," said Mrs. Otway suddenly, "I am under a promise to my old friend, Lady Eaton, and I have done my best to oppose it all; but you have seen how deeply attached Phil Eaton has become to Miss Hallam?"

"Yes," said Bayle slowly, and he was very pale now, "I have seen it."

"He shall not marry her if I can prevent it, much as I love the girl, for it would be a terrible *mésalliance*; but he is desperately fond of her, and as my husband here says, he has taken the bit in his teeth, and he probably will travel his own way."

"Don't you get fathering your coarse words on me," grumbled the captain; but no one heeded him.

"As I say, he shall not marry her if I can stop it; but suppose he should be determined and could get the father's consent, would you and Sir Gordon raise any opposition?"

"Lieutenant Eaton is an officer and a gentleman."

"He is a very true-hearted lad, Mr. Bayle, and I love him dearly," said Mrs. Otway. "Only that he is fighting hard between love and duty he would have been carrying on the campaign by now; but you must allow Fort Robert Hallam is a terrible one to storm and garrison afterwards, for it has to be retained for life."

"I understand your meaning," said Bayle, speaking very slowly. "It is a terrible position for Mr. Eaton to be in."

"Should you oppose it?"

"I have no authority whatever," said Bayle in the same low, dreamy tone. "If I had, I should never dream of opposing anything that was for Miss Hallam's good."

"And it would be, to get her away from such associations, Mr. Bayle."

"Lady Eaton! Lady Eaton!" said the captain in warning tones.

"Hush, Jack! pray."

"Yes," said Bayle; "it would be for Miss Hallam's benefit; but it would nearly break her mother's heart."

"She would have to make a sacrifice for the sake of the child."

"Yes," said Bayle softly. "Another sacrifice;" and then softly to himself, "how long? how long?"

He rose, and was gravely bidding his friends good-bye, when a sharp, quick step was heard, and Eaton came in, colored like a girl on seeing Bayle, hesitated, and then held out his hand.

Bayle shook it warmly and left the verandah, Eaton walking with him to the gate.

"Jack," said Mrs. Otway softly, "it's my belief that the parson loves Julia Hallam himself."

"You think so?"

"I'm sure of it."

"And will he marry her?"

"No. I'm about sure that she is desperately fond of our boy, and the parson is too true a man to stand in the way."

"Nonsense!" said the captain. "Such men are not made now."

"But they were when Christie Bayle was born," she said, nodding her head quickly. "Yes," she said, after a pause, as they heard Eaton's returning steps; "it's a knot, Jack."

"Humph!" he replied. "For time to untie."

CHAPTER IV.

STEPHEN CRELLOCK IS COMMUNICATIVE.

"No hurry, Steve, my lad," said Hallam, as he turned over the newspaper that had come in by the last mail, and threw one of his booted legs over a chair.

Crellock was leaning against the chimney-piece of the room Hallam called his study; but one which in place of books was filled with fishing and shooting gear, saddles, bridles, and hunting-whips, from that usually adopted for riding, to the heavy implement so terrible in a stockman's hands.

The man had completely lost all his old prison look; and the obedient, servile manner that distinguished him, when, years before, he had been Hallam's willing tool in iniquity, had gone. He had developed into a sturdy, independent, restless man, with whom it would be dangerous to trifle, and Robert Hallam had felt for some time that he really was master no longer.

Crellock had dressed himself evidently for a ride. He was booted and spurred;

wore tightly fitting breeches and jacket, and a broad-brimmed felt hat was thrust back on his curly hair, as he stood beating his boot with his riding-whip, and tucking bits of his crisp beard between his white teeth to bite.

"What do you say? No hurry?"

"Yes," said Hallam, rustling his paper. "No hurry, my lad; plenty of time."

"You think so, do you?"

"To be sure. There, go and have your ride. I've got some fresh champagne just come in by the Cross. We'll try that to-day."

"Hang your champagne! I've come to talk business," said Crellock sternly. "You think there's no hurry, do you? Well, look here, I think there is, and I'm not going to wait."

"Nonsense! Don't talk like a boy."

"No; I'll talk like a man, Robert Hallam. A man don't improve by keeping. I shall do now; by-and-by perhaps I shan't. I'm double her age and more."

"Oh! yes, I know all about that," said Hallam impatiently; "but there's plenty of time."

"I say there is not, and I'm going to have it settled. Your wife hates me. I'm not blind, and she'll set Julie against me all she can."

"I'm master here."

"Then show it, Bob Hallam, and quickly, before there's a row. I tell you it wants doing; she's easily led now she's so young, but I tell you I'm not blind."

"You said that before; what do you mean?"

"That soldier Eaton; he's hankering after her, and if we don't mind, she'll listen to him. It's only your being an old hand that keeps him back from asking for her."

"Well, well, let it go and I'll see about it by-and-by," said Hallam. "Have patience."

"A man at my time of life can't have patience, Bob. Now come, you know I want the girl, and it will be like tying us more tightly together."

"And put a stop to the risk of your telling tales," said Hallam bitterly.

"I'm not the man to tell tales," said Crellock sturdily, "neither am I the man for you to make an enemy."

"Threatening?"

"No, but I'm sure you wouldn't care to go back to the gang and on the road, Robert Hallam. Such a good man as your wife and child think you are!"

"Hold your tongue, will you?" cried Hallam savagely.

"When I please," replied Crellock. "Oh! come, you needn't look so fierce, old chap. I used to think what a wonder you were, and wish I could be as cool and clever, and —"

"Well?" for the other stopped.

"Oh! nothing; only I don't think so now."

"Look here," said Hallam, throwing aside the paper impatiently, "what do you want?"

"Julia."

"You mean you want to try if she'll listen to you."

"No, I don't. I mean I want her, and I mean to have her, and half share."

"And if I say it is impossible?"

"But you won't," said Crellock coolly.

Hallam sat back frowning and biting his nails, while the other slowly beat his boot with his whip.

At last Hallam's brow cleared, and he said in a quiet, easy way, —

"She might do better, Steve, but I won't stand in your way. Only the thing must come about gently. Talk to the girl. You shall have chances. I don't want any scenes with her or her mother, or any flying to that old man or the parson to help her. It must be worked quietly."

"All right. Order the horses round, and let her go for a ride with me this morning."

Mrs. Hallam was ready to object, but she gave way, and Julia went for a ride with Crellock, passing Sir Gordon's cottage, and then riding right away into the open country. The girl had developed into a splendid horsewoman, and at last, when she had forgotten her dislike to her companion in the excitement and pleasure of the exercise, and the horses were well breathed and walking up an ascent, Crellock, on the principle that he had no time to spare, tried to forward his position.

"I say, Miss Julia," he said, taking off his broad hat, and fanning his face, as they rode on in the bright sunshine, "do you remember when you first came over?"

"Oh, yes."

"And meeting me as I was carried out of the prison on the stretcher?"

Julia looked at him, her eyes dilating with horror as the whole scene came back.

"Don't," she said hoarsely, "it is too horrible to think of; such cruelty is dreadful."

"I don't consider it too horrible to think of," he said, smiling. "I'm always looking back on that day and seeing it all, every bit. That poor wretch shrieking out with pain."

"Mr. Crellock!" cried Julia.

"Yes, me! Not hardly able to move himself, or bear his pain, and half mad with thirst."

"Oh, pray, hush!"

"Not I, my dear," continued Crellock, "and out of it all I can see coming through the sunshine a bright angel to hold water up to my lips, and wipe the sweat of agony off my brow."

"Mr. Crellock! I cannot bear to listen to all this."

"But you could bear to look at it all, and do it, bless you!" said the man warmly. "That day I swore something, and I'm going to keep my oath."

"Don't talk about it any more, please," said Julia imploringly.

"If you don't wish me to, I won't," said Crellock, smiling. "I do want to talk to you though about a lot of things, and one is about the drink."

Julia looked at him wonderingly,

"Yes, about the drink," continued Crellock; "the old man drinks too much."

Julia's face contracted.

"And I've been a regular brute lately, my dear. You see it has been such a temptation after being kept from it for years. I haven't been able to stop myself. It isn't nice for a young girl like you to see a man drunk, is it?"

Julia shook her head.

"Then I shan't never get drunk again. I'll only take a little."

"Oh! I am so glad," cried Julia with girlish eagerness.

"Are you?" he said, smiling, "then so am I. That's settled then. I want to be as decent as I can. You see you're such a good religious girl, Miss Julia, while I'm such a bad one."

"But you could be better."

"Could I? I don't like being a hypocrite. I'm not ashamed to own that I was a bad one, and got into all that trouble in the old country."

"Oh! hush, please. You did wrong, and were punished for it. Now all that is past and forgiven."

"I always said you were an angel," said Crellock earnestly, "and you are."

"Nonsense! Let us talk of something else."

"No; let's talk about that. I want to stand fair and square with you, and I don't want you to think me a humbug and a hypocrite."

"Mr. Crellock, I never thought so well of you before," said Julia warmly. "Your promise of amendment has made me feel so happy."

"Has it?" he cried eagerly, but with a rough kind of respect mingled with his admiration. "So it has me. I mean it, that I do. You shall never see me the worse for drink again."

"And you will attend more to the business then?"

"What business?" he said.

"The business that you and my father carry on."

"The business that I and your father carry on?"

"Yes, the speculations about the seals and the oil."

Crellock stared at her. "Why, what have you got in your pretty little head?" he said at last.

"I only alluded to the business in which you and my father are partners."

"Pooh!" cried Crellock, with a sort of laugh. "What nonsense it is of him! Why, my dear, you are not a child now. After all the trouble you and your mother went through! You are a clever, thoughtful little woman, and he ought to have taken you into his confidence."

"What do you mean?" cried Julia, for she felt dazed.

"Your father! What's the use of a man like him—an old hand—setting himself up as a saint, and playing innocent? It isn't my way. As you say, when one has done wrong and suffered punishment, and is whitewashed—"

"Mr. Crellock," said Julia, flushing, "I cannot misunderstand your allusions; but if you dare to insinuate that my poor father was guilty of any wrong-doing before he suffered, it is disgraceful, and it is not true."

Crellock looked at her admiringly.

"Bless you!" he said warmly; "I didn't think you had so much spirit in you. Now be calm, my dear; there's nothing worse than being a sham, a hypocrite. I never was. I always owned up to what I had done. Your father never did."

"My father never did anything wrong!" cried Julia.

Crellock smiled.

"Come, I should like us to begin by being well in each other's confidence," he said, as he leaned over and patted the arching neck of Julia's mare. "You must know it, so what's the use of making a pretence about it to me?"

"I do not understand you," said Julia indignantly.

"Not understand me? Why, my dear girl, you know your father was transported for life?"

"Do I know it?" cried Julia, with an indignant flash of her eyes.

"Yes, of course you do. Well, what was it for?"

"Because appearances were cruelly against him," cried Julia.

"They were," said Crellock dryly.

"Because his friends doubted him, consequent upon the conduct of a man he trusted," said Julia bitterly.

"I never knew your father trust any one, Miss Julia, and I knew him before he went to King's Castor. We were clerks in the same office."

"He trusted you," cried Julia indignantly; "and you deceived him, and he suffered for your wicked sin."

She struck the mare with her whip, and it would have dashed off, but Crellock was smoothing her mane above the reins, and as they tightened they came into his hand, and he checked the little animal, which began to rear.

"Quiet! quiet!" cried Crellock fiercely; and he held the mare back with ears twitching and nostril quivering.

"Let my rein go," cried Julia.

"Wait a bit; I've a lot to say to you yet, my dear," cried Crellock indignantly.

"Look here. Did your father say that?"

"Yes; and you know it is true."

"I say again, did your father say that to your mother?"

"Yes," indignantly.

"Then that's why she has always shown me such a stiff upper lip, and been so deadly against me. I wouldn't have stopped in her house a day, she was so hard on me, only I wanted to be near you, and to think about that day coming out of the prison. Well, of all the mean, cowardly things for a man to do!"

"My father is no coward. You dare not speak to him like that."

"I dare say a deal more to him, and I will if he runs me down before you and your mother, when I wanted to show you I wasn't such a bad one after all. It's mean," he cried, working himself up; "it's cowardly. But it's just like him. When that robbery took place before, he escaped and I took the blame."

"Loose my rein," cried Julia. "Man, you are mad."

"See here," cried Crellock, catching her arm, and looking white with rage, "I'll take my part; but I'm not going to have the credit of the Dixons' business put on to my shoulders. I'm not a hypocrite, Miss Julia. I've done wrong, as I said before, and was punished. There, it's of no use for you to struggle; I mean

you to hear. I want to stand well with you. I always did after you gave me that drink of water, and now I find I've been made out to be a regular bad one, so as some one else may get off."

"Will you loose my rein?" cried Julia.

"No, I won't. Now are you going to call out for help?"

"No," cried Julia. "I'm not such a coward as to be afraid of you."

"That you are not," he said admiringly, in spite of the passion he was in. "Now once more tell me this. I'll believe you. You never have told a lie, and you never would. Is this a sham to back up your father?"

She did not answer, only gave him a haughtily indignant look.

"Do you mean to tell me you don't know that your father did all that Dixons' business himself?"

"I know it is false."

"And that I only did what he told me, and planted the deeds at the different banks?"

"It is false, I tell you."

"You're making me savage," he cried in his blundering way. "I tell you I'm not such a brute. Look here once more. Do you mean to tell me that you don't know that we have all been living on what he—your father—got from Dixons' bank?"

"How dare you!" cried Julia, scarlet with anger.

"And that you and your mother brought over the plunder when you came?"

For answer, Julia struck his hand with her whip, giving so keen a cut that he loosened his hold, and she went off like the wind towards home.

"What a fool I was to talk like that!" he cried, biting his lips, as he set spurs to his horse and galloped off in pursuit. "I've been talking like a mad man. It all comes of being regularly in love."

CHAPTER V.

"YOU ARE MY WIFE."

STEPHEN CRELOCK was fifty yards behind, with his horse completely blown, when Julia quickly slipped from her saddle, threw the rein over the hook at the doorpost, and ran up-stairs to the room where her mother loved to sit gazing over the beauties of the cove-marked bay.

Mrs. Hallam started up in alarm, and she had evidently been weeping.

"What is it, my child?" she cried, as Julia threw herself sobbing in her arms.

"That man—that man!" cried Julia.

"Has he dared to insult you?" cried Mrs. Hallam, with her eyes flashing, and her mother's indignation giving her the mien of an outraged queen.

"Yes—you—my father," sobbed Julia; and in broken words she panted out the story of the ride.

Mrs. Hallam had been indignant, and a strange shiver of horror had passed through her, as it seemed as she listened that she was going to hear in form of words the dread that had been growing in her mind for a long time past.

It was then at first with a sense of relief that she gathered from her child's incoherent statement that Crellock had uttered few words of love. When, however, she thoroughly realized what had passed, and the charge that Crellock had made, it came with such a shock in its possibility that her brain reeled.

"It is not true," she cried, recovering herself quickly. "Julia, it is as false as the man who made it."

"I knew—I knew it was, dear mother," sobbed Julia. "My father shall drive him from the house."

"Stay here," said Mrs. Hallam sternly. Then, more gently, "My child, you are flushed and hot. There, there! we have been so happy lately. We must not let a petty accusation like this disturb us."

"So happy, mother," cried Julia pitifully, "when our friends forsake us; and Mr. Bayle is as good as forbidden the house?"

"Hush, my darling!" said Mrs. Hallam agitatedly. "There, go to your room."

She hurried Julia away, for she heard the trampling of the horses' feet as they were led round to the stables, and then a familiar step upon the stairs.

"I was coming to speak to you," she said, as Hallam opened the door.

"And I was coming to you," he said roughly. "What has that little idiot been saying to Crellock to put him in such a rage?"

"Sit down," she said, pushing a chair towards him, and there was a look in her eyes he had never seen before.

"Well, then. Now be sharp. I don't care to be bothered with trifles; I've had troubles enough. Has that champagne been put to cool?"

She looked, half wonderingly, in the heavy, sensual face, growing daily more flushed and changed.

"Come, go on," he said, as if the look troubled him. "Now then, what is it? Crellock is half mad. She has offended him horribly."

"She has been defending her father's honor," said Mrs. Hallam slowly.

"Defending my honor?" he said, smiling. "Ah!"

Mrs. Hallam clasped her hands, and a sigh full of the agony of her heart escaped her lips. The scales seemed to be falling from her eyes, but she wilfully closed them again in her passion of love and trust.

But it was in vain. Something seemed to be tossing these scales away—something seemed to be rending that thick veil of love, and the voices she had so long quelled were clamoring to be heard, and making her ears sing with the terrible tale they told.

She writhed in spirit. She denied it all as a calumny, but as she walked to and fro there the tiny voices in her soul seemed to be ringing out the destruction of her idol, and to her swimming eyes it seemed tottering to its fall.

"You are very strange," he said roughly. "What's the matter? I thought you were going to tell me about Julia and Steve."

"I am," she cried at last, as if mastering herself after some terrible spasm. "Robert, I have been told something to-day that makes me tremble."

"Some news?" he said coolly.

"Yes; news—terrible news."

"Let's have it—if you like," he said.

"I don't care. It don't matter, unless it will do you good to tell it."

Her face was wrung by the agony of her soul as she heard his callous words. The veil was being terribly rent now; and as her eyes saw more clearly, she tried in vain to close her mental sight; but no, she seemed forced to gaze now, and the idol that was tottering began to show that it was indeed of clay.

"Well, don't look like that," he said. "A man who has been transported is pretty well case-hardened. There is no worse trouble in life."

"No worse?" she panted out in a quick, angry way, as words had never before left her lips; "not if he lost the love and trust of wife and child?"

"Well, that would be unpleasant," he said coolly. "Perhaps the poor wretch would be able to get over it in time. Well, what is your news?"

"I have heard you freshly accused to-day of that old crime of which you were innocent."

"Of which I was innocent, of course," he said coolly. "Is that all?"

She did not answer for a few minutes,

and then as he half rose impatiently as if to go, she said excitedly, —

"That case I brought over, Robert."

"Case?" he said with a slight start.

"From the old house."

"Well; what about it?"

"Tell me at once, or I shall go mad. What did it contain?"

"Papers. I told you when I wrote."

"That they would set him free," the voices in her heart insisted.

"Who has been setting you to ask about that, eh?"

She did not reply.

"You did not keep faith with me," he cried angrily. "You have been telling Sir Gordon, or that Bayle."

"I told no one," she said hoarsely.

"Ah!" he ejaculated with a sigh of relief.

"Stephen Crellock has told Julia what it contained, and she—and I—declare it is false."

"Stephen Crellock is a fool," he cried quickly. "Go and fetch Julia here. She must be talked to."

"Robert! my husband," cried Mrs. Hallam, throwing herself upon her knees and catching his hands, "you do not speak out. Why do you not passionately say it is false? How dare he accuse you of such a crime? You do not speak!"

She gazed up at him wildly.

"What do you want me to say?" he cried angrily. "Do you think me mad, woman? Here, let's have an end of all this varnish. What does Crellock say?"

She could not speak for a few minutes, so overlaid was her heart; and when she did, the words were hoarse that fell upon his ears.

"He said—he told our simple, loving girl, whom I have taught to trust in and reverence her martyred father's name—whose faith has been in your innocence of the crime for which you were sent here—the girl I taught to pray that your innocence might be proved——"

"Will you go on?" he cried brutally. "I'm sick of this. Now, what did he say?"

"That—oh, Robert, my husband, I cannot say it! His words cannot be true!"

"Will you speak?" he cried. "Out with it at once! When will you grow to be a woman of the world, and stop this childishness? Now what did the chattering fool say?"

"That the box I brought over contained the proceeds of the bank robbery—money that you had hidden away."

Millicent Hallam started up and gazed about her with a dazed look, as if she were startled by the words she had heard—words that seemed to have come from other lips than hers; and then she pressed her hands to her heaving bosom as her husband spoke.

"Stephen Crellock must be getting tired of his ticket," he said coolly. "An idiot! He had better have kept his tongue between his teeth. How came he to be chattering about that? If he don't mind——"

He did not finish the sentence, and his wife's eyes dilated as she gazed at him in a horrified way.

"You do not deny it!" she said at last. "You do not declare that this is all cruelly false!"

"No," he said slowly, "I am not going to worry myself about his words. He can't prove anything."

"But it is a charge against your honor," she cried; "against me. Robert! you will not let this horrible charge go uncontradicted for an hour longer?"

"Stephen Crellock had better mind," said Hallam, slowly and thoughtfully, as if he had not heard his wife.

"But, Robert—my husband! you will speak for your own sake—for your child's sake—for mine?"

There was a growing intensity in the words, whose tones rose to one of passionate appeal.

He made an impatient motion that implied a negative, and she threw herself once more upon her knees at his feet.

"You will deny this atrocious charge?"

"If I am asked I shall deny it, of course," he said coolly; "but you don't suppose I am going to talk about it without?"

"But—but—that man believes it to be true."

"Well, let him."

"Robert—dear Robert," she cried, "you must not, you shall not treat it like that! It is as if you were indifferent to this dreadful charge."

"Because it is better to let it rest, madam; so let it be."

"No!" she cried, with a wave as it were of her old trust sweeping all before it; "I cannot let it rest. If you will not speak in your own defence, I must and will!"

"What do you mean?" he said hastily. "That if, for his child's sake, Robert Hallam will not defend himself against such a cruel lie, his wife will!"

"What will you do?" he said, with an ugly sneer upon his lip.

"See this man myself, and force him to deny this — to declare that it is not true. My husband cannot sit down patiently with that charge flung against his wife's honor and his own."

He sat gazing at her from beneath his thick eyebrows for a few minutes as she paced the room, agitated almost beyond bearing; and then he spoke in the most commonplace way.

"You'll do nothing of the kind."

"Not speak?"

"No; I forbid it!"

"Forbid it?"

"Yes. Do you suppose I want my leave stopped? Do you want to send me back to the gang, who are chained like dogs?"

"Hush!" she cried, with a shudder; and she covered her face as if to shut out some terrible sight. "Do you not feel that you are running risks by remaining silent?"

"I should run greater risks by having the matter talked about. That great fool, Steve, must be warned to be more cautious about what he says in future for all our sakes."

"Robert!" in a tone of horror.

"There, there, wife, that will do! Let's talk it over without sentiment; I haven't a bit of romance left in me, my dear — life out here has cleared it off. You may as well know the truth as at any future time. Bah! Let's throw away all this flimsy foolery. You have known it all along, only you've been too brave to show it."

"I — known the truth?" she faltered.

"You believe this?"

"Yes," he said, without reading the horror and despair in her eyes; and the brutal callousness of his manner seemed to grow. "What's the use of shamming innocence? You knew what was in the box."

"I knew what my husband told me; that there were papers to prove his innocence," she replied.

"You knew that?"

"They were my husband's words; and in my wifely faith I said that they were true."

He looked at her mockingly.

"You play your part well, Millicent," he said; "but remember we are in Sydney, both twenty years older than when we first met at King's Castor. Is it not time we talked like man and woman, and not, after all that we have gone through, like a sentimental boy and girl?"

"Robert!"

"There, that will do," he said. "You understand now why you must hold your tongue."

It was as if once more she had snatched at the veil and closed it over her eyes, to gaze at him in the old, old way, as if it were impossible to give up the faith to which she had clung for so many years.

"No," she said softly, "I cannot. Some things are too hard to understand, and this is one."

"Then I'll make you understand," he said, almost fiercely. "If another word is uttered about this it will go like wild-fire. Some meddling fool in the government service will take it up; everything will be seized, and I shall be sent back to the gang, through you. Do you hear? through you!"

She stood now gazing at him with her eyes contracting. Her lips parted several times as if she were about to speak, and as if her brain were striving, indeed, to comprehend this thing that she had declared to be too hard. At last she spoke.

"You shall say," she cried hoarsely. "Tell me what it was I brought over to you."

"What, again!" he cried. "Well, then, what I had saved up for the rainy day that I knew was coming. My fortune, that I have been waiting all these years to spend; notes that would change at any time; diamonds that would always fetch their price. You did not guess all this? You did not see through it all? Bah! I'm sick of all this mock sentiment and twaddle about innocence!"

She drew her breath hard.

"I had to fight the world when I was unlucky in my speculations, and the world got me down. Now my turn has come, and I can laugh at the world. Let's have no more fooling. You have understood it all from the beginning, and have played your part well. Let me play mine in peace."

An angry reply rose to her lips, but it died away, and she caught at his hand.

"It is true, then?" she whispered.

"True? Yes, of course," he said brutally.

"That money, then? Robert, husband, it is not ours. You will give it up — everything?"

"Give it up!" he said, laughing. "Not a shilling. They hounded me down most cruelly!"

"For the sake of our old love, Robert," she whispered, as she clung to him. "Let us begin again, and I will work for you."

Let us try, in a future of toil, to wash away this clinging disgrace. My husband, my husband! for the sake of our innocent child!"

"Give up what I have!" he cried. "Now that I have schemed till success is mine! Not a shilling, if it were to save old Sir Gordon's life."

"But, Robert, for the sake of our child. I am your wife, and I will bear this blow, but let her go on believing in him whom I have taught her to love. Let the past be dead; begin a new life — repentance for that which has gone. Robert, my husband, I have loved you so dearly, and so long."

"Bah!" he cried impatiently. "You know not what you say. Lead a new life — a life of repentance! I have had a fine preparation for it here. Why, I tell you they would turn a saint here into a fiend! I sinned against their laws, and they sent me here, herded with hundreds, some of whom might have been brought to better lives; but it has been one long course of brutal treatment, and the lash. Hope was dead to us all, and we had to drag on our lives in misery and despair. I tell you I've had to do with people who sought to make us demons, and you talk to me now of repentance for the past."

"Yes, and you shall repent!" she cried wildly.

"Silence!" he cried fiercely. "You are my wife, and it is your duty to obey. Not a word of this to Julia. I will speak to her; and as to Crellock — oh, I can manage him."

He thrust her aside, and strode out of the room without another word, leaving her standing with her hands clasped together, gazing into vacancy, as if stunned by the blow that had fallen — as if the savage acceptance of the truth of the charges by her husband had robbed her of her reason.

During her long trial, whenever a shadow doubt had crept into her sight she had slain it. Always he had been her martyr, and she had been ready, in fierce resentment, to turn upon those who would have cast the slightest reflection upon his fame. He, the idol of her young life, her first love, had suffered through misfortune, through an ugly turn of fate, and she had gone on waiting for the day when he would be cleared.

In that spirit she had crossed the wide ocean, bearing with her his freedom, as she believed; and now, after fighting a year against the terrible disillusion that had been showing Robert Hallam in his

true light, the veil that she had so obstinately held was rent in twain, torn away forever — by his own confession the husband of her love was a despicable thief; and as she realized how she had been made his accomplice in bringing over the fruits of his theft, the blow seemed now greater than she could bear, the future one terrible void.

From The Contemporary Review.

ALEXANDER I. OF BULGARIA.

"I CANNOT fight the whole world!" said the prince of Bulgaria to me in his little konak at Pirost on the morrow of the visit of Graf von Khevenhüller to him with an order from the emperor of Austria to stay the onward march upon Nisch of the victorious Bulgarian army, under penalty of finding himself face to face with Austrian troops. The Austrian representative had added, on his own account, that, if the Austrian troops did enter Servia, the Russians would enter Bulgaria and eastern Roumania by Varna and Bourgas. Count von Khevenhüller was not authorized to say this, but he did not hint as much, and at least he did not take care to differentiate his opinions from his instructions, while he unquestionably left, probably purposely left, Prince Alexander under the impression that if he advanced "one kilometre" beyond his then position in front of Pirost there would be a concerted movement against Bulgaria by the two great empires. It is probable that the Austrian diplomatist's exaggeration of his instructions saved to the Servians not merely a battle in which they would have been certain of defeat — demoralized as they were, partly by the example of their king, partly by four days of disastrous retreats — but, what was of even more importance, the great junction of Nisch, which will form the nucleus of the Balkan railway system. And it is also probable that if the Bulgarians, who had pushed their outposts already close to Bela Palanka, had actually obtained possession of Nisch, they would have risked a long-continued if not general war rather than give it up, for it is destined to become not only a great strategical but also a great industrial centre. To be peremptorily stopped when they had it in the hollow of their hand was galling enough, but they are a very practical people, and there was not a man in the army who did not soon know what had happened in the konak

and did not feel that compliance with the Austrian demand was inevitable.

It was under these circumstances that his Highness, taking a cigarette from his mouth, slightly shrugged his broad shoulders, and, throwing open the palms of his hands, said in a deprecating way, "I cannot fight the whole world." It was impossible not to sympathize with the situation in which he found himself through no fault of his own. The revolution in Philippopolis on September 18, 1885, was none of his contriving. He had been superintending some manoeuvres between Rustchuk and Shumla, where he had been accompanied by Major Trotter, C. B., R. E., our military attaché at Constantinople, who, completely in the prince's confidence, had not the least suspicion, when he found himself by accident in company with Consul-General Fawcett, of Constantinople, at Philippopolis, on his way back to the Bosphorus, that he was to assist, in the French sense of the word, at the first scene of very notable events indeed. His Highness was not only not in the secret of the Philippopolis outbreak; it was excessively inconvenient for him in many ways. But he was equal to the occasion. Travelling in a droschky day and night, he reached the east-Roumelian capital early on the second day, having covered nearly three hundred kilometres. He took the helm at once; before evening, order reigned at Philippopolis, and early the next day he laid the foundations of the policy which he has pursued ever since. He found himself and the new departure uncompromisingly opposed by Turkey, Russia, Austria, Germany, and even Italy. He had but two friends, Great Britain and Roumania, and the latter did not count for much. Happily, there was in temporary charge of the English embassy at Therapia the one diplomatist in our service who has the fullest possible knowledge of the Balkan problems, and he had special influence with the Sublime Porte. Single-handed, in conversation at Porte and palace, in ambassadorial meetings, in formal conferences in the council-room at Tophané arsenal, he fought the battle of Balkan freedom, and by sheer persistence won it, in spite of the intrigues of M. de Nelidoff, and of the open and pertinacious opposition of Herr von Radowitz, Germany's very able ambassador. Before Sir Wm. White's virtual victory, which has, however, never yet been formally admitted by the three empires of central Europe, the prince of Bulgaria was attacked by King Milan of Serbia, whose

army of nearly two hundred thousand men all told, drilled and to a large extent offered by Austrians, expected an easy walk over, or at any rate into Sofia, for the purpose of executing his Belgrade Majesty's self-imposed mandate of maintaining the balance of power in the Balkan peninsula. Considering how absolutely dependent Serbia was upon Austria, how her gambling monarch was to all intents and purposes a viceroy with powers held from the Hofburg, it is difficult to believe that he could have begun a war game, in which he fancied he held the winning cards, without direct permission from the Austrian chancery. I have, however, been assured in Vienna, on all but the very highest authority, that this he did not have; that King Milan moved both suddenly and against the wish of Austria; and that the real reason for his action was the fear of deposition if he did not carry out the behests of his people and the all but unanimous desire of his Skouptchina. To oppose the Serb advance on Sofia, the prince of Bulgaria had but three battalions on the frontier—one at Zaribrod, one in the Dragoman Pass, and one at Trn, somewhat to the south of the main road from Nisch to Sofia. He had in all his principality but twenty-four battalions of regulars with eighty guns belonging to Bulgaria, or about sixteen thousand men, though he had "possibilities" in the way of militia to the extent of some eighty thousand men, nominal, partly from Bulgaria, partly from eastern Roumelia. Desultory fighting on the frontier led to the retirement of the Bulgarian forces. They were driven back to Slivnitza, a village within a mile of a low pass which few soldiers would care to have to hold, for it could be easily outflanked on two sides, and commanded on one. The troops of Bulgaria had been too few to hold the really strong but extended position of Dragoman, and so it came about that the Servians had got within twenty miles of the new Bulgarian capital. Then the prince hurried up some troops and made a stand at Slivnitza, where he maintained a three days' fight, having fresh troops continually arriving until he was strong enough to attempt outflanking and a charge with the bayonet. The Serbs fled; they continued flying for four days, and then they made a stand at Piro, a town of some eight thousand inhabitants, and centre of a district containing at least seventy-six thousand people who, after a good deal of discussion at Berlin, had been ceded to Serbia. Once more King

Milan's very superior forces were beaten, after a street fight which was of the most terrible sort, for the town was taken and re-taken and taken again by the brave Bulgars, still under the personal direction of their beloved prince, on November 27. On the 28th, Count von Khevenhüller was signalled in the morning at the outpost, and conducted to the prince. What was there for it but to conform to his demand?

I have not space to tell the many incidents of that one week's memorable campaign. For those who read German it has been written once for all in "Der Kampf der Bulgaren um ihre Nationaleinheit," by Herr A. von Huhn, Paris correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*, who is, to my mind, one of the very first, if not the first, of living war correspondents, who had his training as a German officer in the great days of 1866 and 1870, and who accompanied Prince Alexander through the Balkan campaign of 1877-8, as well as through the diplomacy and murderous strife of last winter. It is strange that such a book on such a subject should not before now have found an English translator. As I was privileged to see only a very small part of the Pirot campaign, it would be useless to attempt to cover the ground which Herr von Huhn has made his own; but I venture to offer the criticism that he has not paid sufficient attention to the brilliant defence of Widdin by Major (then Captain) Ozounoff against a force of Serbs fully four times stronger than his militia and volunteer brigade. Herr von Huhn bears the highest testimony to the great military capacity and qualities of the prince, who stands six feet and an inch in his boots, and is as fine a specimen of a man as one can find in a day's walk. His father, Prince Alexander of Hesse Darmstadt, is as tall, but slight; the Prince of Bulgaria is not stout, but is very muscular and altogether more largely made. The best representation of him *en grande tenue* is Backofen's Darmstadt photograph, to be found, with other names upon it, in many of our shop windows. But his Highness, to my mind, looks much better in his field uniform, the grey coat, with silver shoulder-straps and the black sword-belt which crosses the right shoulder and the expansive breast, becoming him well. In it he looks, even when he wears the kalpac, or Bulgarian national cap of black unborn-lamb's skin, every inch a leader of men, and on it appears only one bit of red ribbon, that of the Order of Alexander—which he has founded, which no other State has recog-

nized, considering that his position as a prince under the suzerainty of Turkey did not authorize him to found an order, and the star of which has been worn by no great potentate save only, and curiously enough, the present czar of all the Russians. As a rule, however, the prince, at any rate in the field, wears the flat cap, with a colored button in front, common to officers of the German and Russian armies, and undoubtedly it becomes his firm face and well-trimmed beard and full moustache better than the curly lambskin. His eyes are brown, steady, and frank, but piercing; his expression gentle, gracious, amiable, even kindly; he has, however, great firmness in the lower part of his face, and especially in his lips; and if he has often an air of melancholy, it is probably less natural to him than engendered by circumstances, and particularly by the lonely life he has endured for so long, believing, it would seem rightly enough, that for a while Sofia was no place for a European princess-regnant. His voice is clear, though not loud, his syllabic pronunciation and intonation being excellent; he speaks German, Russian, Bulgarian, and French with perfect facility, knows English well, though he is out of practice in speaking it, and can converse in Turkish. His complexion is good—not so fair as his father's has evidently been, but still far from dark; and his eyebrows, well arched, somehow give one the idea that he is not thoroughly German. This impression is increased by the charm of his manner, for, whatever may be the great qualities of the princely and imperial families of the Vaterland, they do not commonly shine in those which put an interlocutor fully at his ease. Yet some of his pleasant ways the prince may well have acquired from his father. What is perhaps most striking about him, nevertheless, is partly Russian, partly Hebrew. No one who has moved much about the world can have failed to be pleased with the best Russian manner, out of Russia. It is all that there is of the most gracious, agreeable, entrancing, winning. Something of the same sort may be noted in the *haute finance* when one is thought worth cultivating, even temporarily. And the friends of the prince of Bulgaria say he gets this from his mother, who was a daughter of one Count of Haucke, a minister of war in Poland before the last partition. There are those who maintain that this lady was originally, to use Lord Beaconsfield's expression, "of the faith that Peter professed before he followed his

Master," and this may indeed account for what appears to have been Prince Alexander's intuitive acquaintance with the Oriental character, and for the singular absence of prejudice which distinguishes him and which made him such a valuable factor in Bulgaria. For it cannot be denied that one of the difficulties of influencing the people of the principality is their invincible objection to strangers. General Skobelev found this out very soon, for he said to me in Constantinople, in April, 1878, that he would never have willingly set foot in Bulgaria if he had known how "ungrateful" and "selfish" the people were. Centuries of Ottoman rule probably intensified, if they did not create, this antipathy; and the conduct of the Russians, as well during the war as during the occupation, and then again during the period when they were virtual rulers of the Bulgarian army, did not go to ameliorate the objection. There is not a man of the Bulgars who does not believe they can work out their own political salvation; but their prince has taught them that one foreign head, who is not by nature a tyrant, subdues sectional jealousies, and should act as the balance-wheel of the national machine. There does not exist an unbribed Bulgarian who does not conceive his country only needs to be let alone by outsiders; and yet there is in Bulgaria, from end to end thereof, so little "sweetness and light," so little that shows even elements of culture, so little which is not sordid and shabby and mean and filthy, that visitors may well wonder how progress is to be ensured if it be not introduced and assisted *ab extra*. The prince was essentially the man to do this thing; he was as noted for polish as a Russian, he was as thorough as a German, as "straight" as a Briton. Under his eye, Sofia, from being a big Asiatic village, was taking on the aspect of a European city; but the people have not lost in any way their Bulgarian prejudices. These are so deep and permeating that I really believe if Alexander I. were to be succeeded by either of the Russian grand dukes Vladimir, Alexis, Sergius, or Paul, that prince would, in the course of five years at most, feel compelled to become as anti-Russian as Colonel Moutkuroff himself, or M. Stambuloff, the president of the regency.

The prince of Bulgaria—for private advices point to the probability that the greater National Assembly, which, elected by plebiscite, is to meet in a few days at the old capital of Tirnova, and which can-

not fail to be influenced by the dominant feeling in the army, will not accept his abdication—was undoubtedly, when nominated by Russia, elected by the people, and confirmed by the powers, very thoroughly devoted to the interests of his aunt's husband, the czar Alexander II. But even if the late emperor had survived the catastrophe of March 13, 1881, it is impossible to doubt that the alienation of the prince would have occurred very much in the same way in which it has come about. The Russian agent and officers made the position intolerable, and they reaped the fruit of what they had sown. The prince remained loyal to the Muscovite policy so long as it was possible; then he had to choose between being an active agent in repressing his people and seeking for advice and support in the west. He chose the latter course, not without much searching of heart and mind; but his people were not sufficiently awake to the sacrifice he was personally making, and it was not until King Milan made his apparently overwhelming movement on the Bulgarian capital that the country found it had to depend only on the prudence, the sagacity, and the soldierly acquirements of its ruler, and then it gave its heart at once to the hero of Slivnitza. I forget whether the prince was present when one of his principal officers said, in reply to an inquiry of mine, that the pro-Russian party "consisted, then, of M. Zankoff and eight others," the "then" being the week after the capture of Piro, and that they were, and would remain, a minority not worth troubling one's head about. But I remember distinctly that the prince, when conversed with on the same subject and told of the open treason which M. Zankoff was uttering in such a way that he even used the most outrageous language about his Highness in the presence of Mr. Edgar Whitaker, the *Times'* correspondent, replied that he had been urged to deal with these men under the existing martial law; that he had refused, because there must always be an opposition in any country, and it was better to let the very small sore remain open than by severity to drive the canker inwards. Even at the last, when the outrage upon his person had been carried out by this Zankoff and those whom the ex-premier and ex-minister of the interior had corrupted with Russian gold, I have reasons in writing from Sofia for believing that if he had been permitted by Russia and Germany to allow the law to take its course, and the offenders

had been convicted, he would have only exiled the politicians and sent to a short imprisonment the military rebels. But when the law of the land was interfered with by external authority, it is hardly any wonder if he despaired of the State.

He took a very quick interest in the British elections, which were going on at the time I was in the habit of seeing him daily. On one occasion he asked whether it would be better for the independence of Bulgaria that Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury should be successful. The reply was that, as far as the principle of the virtual independence of Bulgaria was concerned, one of the chieftains would be just as good as the other, but that Mr. Gladstone was somewhat hampered occasionally by the remnants of the peace party, and Lord Salisbury would therefore be more likely to back the opinion of England by her army and fleet, though neither the one nor the other would let England fight single-handed for any cause in the Balkans. I learned afterwards that his Highness had obtained precisely the same opinion from high quarters in this country.

His younger brother, Prince Francis-Joseph, whose company and spirited demeanor has been a great consolation to the prince of Bulgaria through the troubles of the last three years, is a fine, frank, and able young officer, but as he has not had the experience of his senior, so he has not developed the same manifest abilities. It is perhaps permissible now to say that he went to Bulgaria in the capacity of prince-hereditary, pending events, and pending the still distant question of his brother's marriage. He has just entered on his twenty-sixth year, and will be heard of again, if I do not greatly misread his character. The prince of Bulgaria will complete his thirtieth year next April, and that month will see the seventh anniversary of his election. Nothing would be less surprising than to find him back in Sofia long before that time; indeed, if he does return, it will need all the firmness of his will and all the steadiness of his character to prevent the people from proclaiming him king of the two Bulgarias. Nor would that be a huge misfortune from the point of view of any power except Russia, for the recognition of Roumanian independence by the Treaty of Berlin has done more to checkmate Russia on the Danube and the Black Sea than anything else achieved at the memorable Congress of June-July, 1878. But before that example can be followed, there is a great

question to be settled in Macedonia, as no one is better aware than the prince of Bulgaria. Of course he did not use the language attributed to him at Sofia by the Havas Agency, which is notoriously inspired by the Muscovite agents wherever one of its correspondents is placed. Any one who knows the prince at all must have felt that the telegram embodying a promise that he would always be ready to fight in the Bulgarian ranks for Macedonia was a Russian attempt to prejudice the prince in the eyes of the sultan. But the Macedonian question will not keep long, all the same; and some of the best judges do not believe it will keep beyond the next Greek Easter. The Porte, at any rate, has taken its measures accordingly. But whether the forces which occupy that district will be permitted by the timidity of the sultan to act when the time comes is another matter; and even a day's hesitation may lose the province to the Ottoman Empire. Nor could anything prevent a large number of Bulgarian volunteers crossing the frontier to aid their brethren if the signal were once given — not even, as I believe, the presence and prudence of Prince Alexander. It opens too large a question to discuss what would be the course of Austria in Bosnia and the Herzegovina, of Serbia in regard to old Serbia, and of Greece in the Janina and cognate claims. The train is laid, and if any one can prevent the firing of it leading to a general explosion that man is the prince of Bulgaria. It is this Macedonian question on which hinge Russia's promises not to interfere in Bulgaria so long as internal order is maintained. There is no fear about the disturbance of internal order, either in Bulgaria or eastern Roumelia, if Russian agents will let Macedonia alone. If not — and here I believe I express the thorough conviction of those who have had the best opportunities of knowing the prince of Bulgaria's mind — there is no chance of limiting the field of action in the spring without a settled government and a firm hand at Sofia and Philippopolis. The devotion of his people would stand the prince in good stead; he could count on their obedience and self-restraint if he judged it expedient to influence the "brothers over the border" to wait a little longer. But no new prince could exercise this curbing power, and this idea has dawned upon some in Serbia and many in Hungary and Roumania, as well as in Austria and in Greece. Turkey, as usual, seems blind to her own manifest interest in every direction save preparing for repres-

sion. England can only hope for quiet development from the Danube to the Ægean, and such quiet development will be mainly aided by the restoration of the prince of Bulgaria to his capital. If this is not to be, then all is lost for the Ottoman Empire in Europe, and, what is more, a Russian province will extend from the Danube to within striking distance of the Mediterranean, and the new-born and promising liberties of the people of the two Bulgarias will be crushed under the heel of military governors in the name of the czar. The calm, cool, brave prince, who is waiting at Darmstadt for the verdict of the Greater National Assembly of Bulgaria, will be a potent agent in the hands of nations which desire rational freedom to prevail in the Balkan peninsula if they obtain his restoration. His absence when the rapidly approaching time for firmness comes will be, in my mind, and I doubt not in that of all who have thought out the question from any but a Muscovite standpoint, not more a misfortune for Bulgaria than for the whole of the people of the East, since freedom under Turkish suzerainty is within the bounds of human conception, while freedom under the Russian czar is nothing but a contradiction in terms.

CHARLES WILLIAMS.

From Temple Bar.

SIR GREENHAT.

ONCE upon a time there lived a man and his wife; they were poor people, and although they had no children they found it hard work to make a living, particularly towards the springtime of the year. So there came a day when they had no bread in the house. Then the woman said to the man: "Hark! now, little husband, we must contrive to get something to eat so long as we live in this world, and food is of more consequence than clothes. So you must trudge off to the market town, and see about selling this piece of linen, which I have woven. I had thought to use it for ourselves, and to make a shirt for you, and a shift for myself out of it, but that must wait now till better times."

The man took the piece of linen, and started on his journey late that evening. There was to be a fair in the town next day, and he was anxious to be on the spot betimes to see about selling his cloth. His road lay through a thick wood. In the middle of this wood was a well. When

he came to the well, there sat an old man with a long white beard, who greeted him in a friendly manner and asked him where he was going at such an hour. The poor man then told him the whole story about their poverty, and how they had no bread in the house, and about the fair, and how he wanted to sell the piece of linen to save his wife and himself from starvation.

Then said the old man: "You need not go any farther, you can sell the linen to me; I will give you a hundred thalers for it. And I will do more than that for you. You shall never know want again if you will promise me something that your wife bears about with her beneath her belt."

The man promised this gladly, for he only thought of the little bunch of keys his wife wore at her waist, and that they could do very well without them if they were only rich.

Then said the old man: "This day six months you must be here again, at this same hour, with that which you have promised me. You and your wife shall never suffer want again. When you require money, you have only to go to your cupboard, and you will always find as much as you want."

So the poor man went home to his wife. She was just getting up, and was much surprised to see him back again so soon. He told her he had sold the piece of linen on the way, and at a good price, for that he had got a hundred thalers for it, and *that* was a good sum of money. He did not tell her more just then, but she was very pleased, and went into the village to buy something to eat and to drink. As soon as ever it was reported in the village that these poor folks had money to spend, all those of whom they had borrowed came hurrying up, one after the other, to see if they could not get some of it back again whilst there was any to be had. And the man repaid in full everything that he owed. He had only to put his hand in his cupboard and there he found all the money he required. But now his wife began to be uneasy, for she knew well that a hundred thalers could not go so far, and she noticed two things about her husband—he had become quite careless about money and as to the cost of anything, and he was brooding over something that he had not told her about. So she insisted on his making a clean breast of it. Then her husband made his confession and told her all about the old man at the well, and what he had promised him.

"Then you have made us both miserable forever," said she, "for it is not my

keys he wants, but it is the living thing I bear under my belt that you have promised to give away, you know not to whom."

The man was very grieved at this, but excused himself by saying that they were now both getting old, and that they never had had any children, so that it never occurred to him to think of such a thing. She was quite right as to what it was the old man wanted to have, and which he had so unguardedly promised him in six months' time. But what was done could not be undone, he said, and they must do as he had promised, for they had already had what they were to receive for it. It was impossible for them to get back all the money they had spent, and so they must hold to their bargain.

Whatever his wife might think, she was obliged to be silent, and in six months' time she brought a son into the world, and a fine handsome boy he was, too. And then came the day appointed by the old man. So the father took his little son, and carried him out to the wood, and when he came to the well, there sat the old man with the white beard.

"Welcome," said he. "You have kept your word, as I have kept mine. You need not be afraid. I am neither troll nor demon. I only desire the child's welfare. You are no doubt very unwilling to part with him, and I do not want to take him now. But on the day when he reaches his tenth year, you must be here with him again. Meanwhile, you must have him well brought up, and thoroughly educated, for I mean to make a great man of him."

Then the old man took the baby boy in his arms, and in an instant he changed him into a little porcupine, directly after that into a fawn, then into a young hawk, and at last into a little child again. Then he dipped the boy into the well, saying: "Now he is christened—his name is Greenhat, and you must promise me not to have him christened again in any other way. Only on this condition will you be permitted to keep him till he is ten years old."

The man promised, and very glad he was to be able to take the boy back with him, and his wife was even more glad to get her son back again. So they bought a good farm, for now they had as much money as they wanted, and there they lived with this boy whom they loved beyond everything else in the world. He grew fast, and became tall and strong, clever with his hands, and quick-witted too. When he was five years old he had read every book in the house, and his

parents could teach him nothing more. So they engaged the wisest teachers for him, and then he learned all they knew; and by that time he was ten years old. On the appointed day, his tenth birthday, his father took him out to the well in the wood, and there sat the old man with the white beard, waiting for them. The father was now very anxious to make a bargain with him, and to be allowed to keep the boy a little longer, for he was a constant source of joy to his parents. But the old man said that it could not be done. His parents ought to be very pleased to have had their son so long a time with them, a son who had come to them so late, and brought them so much happiness. Now they could do no more for him, and therefore they must part with him. And so the father had to return home alone, all-sorrowful as he was. But at the same moment the old man changed the boy into a porcupine, with one golden quill, and one silver quill, and sent him out into the wood. And in this form he was to remain for five whole years. When the time was over, he came to the old man at the well, and begged that he might be permitted to take his human shape again.

"No," said he, "that cannot be yet, you must have patience. But now you shall take another shape, wherein you may carry your head a great deal higher."

And so he changed him into a stag, with one gold antler and one silver antler, and so he had to remain in the wood five years more. When that time was past, he came again to the old man at the well, and begged that he might get back his human form. But the old man said no, that could not be done yet, not until five more years were past might he assume his human shape; but he should now rise higher and see farther than he had done hitherto. So he changed him into a falcon, with one golden feather and one silver feather, and he flew out into the wood and remained there as a falcon for five whole years. When these five years had come to an end, he came again to the old man at the well, and begged that he might now get back his human form.

"Yes," said the old man, "now the time is come. Stand forth, Sir Greenhat!"

And so there he stood, the handsomest man that ever was seen.

"You will," said the old man, "still possess the power of changing yourself at will into either of the creatures in whose shape you have existed during these years, and which you bore before you were christened, and you can also always change

yourself into a man again as soon as you please. All your family and all the friends of your childhood are dead, so there is nothing for you to seek in the house you left. There are greater things and a better lot in store for you than you are aware of. Now you must go to a king's castle, and take service there. You shall begin humbly and hire yourself out as a groom. Once there, means will be taken to secure your further advancement. But you must beware of taking service anywhere where the red knight is, for he is the greatest villain and traitor on this earth. Always be honest and true. If ever you are in danger, call on me, and I will help you."

So Sir Greenhat set off on his travels, and he went into the first castle he came to and asked if a king lived there. He was informed that no king lived there, but that it was the residence of a prince and his sister. Then he asked if he could take service there as groom. He had to wait some little time before the answer came that he might have a place in the under stables. There he would have only the oldest and least valuable horses to look after. So he took the situation, and devoted himself to his work with the greatest industry. Now it happened most unluckily that the red knight after all *was* in this very castle; he was master of the horse, and the prince's right-hand man. He had the care of the upper stables, where all the best and finest horses were kept. He could never make out how it was that the poor, skinny animals in the under stables had, ever since the arrival of the new groom, daily improved in appearance. They grew fat and sleek, and before long these worn-out old hacks looked better than the state horses in the red knight's own stables. Besides, this fellow Greenhat was in appearance and manner so gallant and handsome that everybody admired him; and each time he rode his horses to water, he put them through all sorts of knightly curvetings and caracolings as they passed through the courtyard. And the princess stood and watched him from her window in the attic where her apartments were, and in her heart she loved him. To see all this was more than the red knight could endure — especially this last, which he was cunning enough to have found out, for he had set his mind on becoming the prince's brother-in-law himself, by getting the rich and beautiful princess for his wife. He thought and thought till he had found a way by which he hoped to get rid of his rival altogether. So one day the red

knight said to the prince, "That is a strange fellow we have got now in the under stables. He succeeds in everything he puts his hand to. He must have been apprenticed to a troll, for he knows more and can do more than other folks. But he looks high, very far above his own rank, for I have noticed that he regards the princess with favorable eyes, and there is no knowing what he might accomplish by means of his magic arts. Besides this, he has been heard to say that, if he chose, he could get for the prince the most beautiful princess in all the world — only, he says, he does *not* choose."

When the prince heard that, he became quite bent upon having that princess for his wife. He sent for Greenhat and told him that he knew what he had boasted he could do if he chose. And now he must either get the most beautiful princess in the world for the prince, or he should lose his life on the gallows. It was of no use for the poor fellow to beg to be excused, or for him to assure the prince that he had never said anything of the sort, and knew nothing of the beautiful princess, nor where she was to be found. The prince believed what the red knight had told him, and persisted either Greenhat should hold to his word and get the princess, or he should be hanged.

Then Greenhat begged for three days' respite. If in that time he could not undertake what the prince demanded of him, he would submit to his fate, and put the halter round his neck with his own hands.

The respite was granted him, and he quitted the prince in the deepest despair. If his life was to end in such a sorry fashion, for what had he then striven and suffered so many years? But had he not been disobedient to the old man in taking a situation in a castle where the red knight was also in service? From this arose his ill fortune; he had not remembered to make inquiries about the red knight before taking service there himself. And now he could not expect help from his foster-father, since he had been disobedient to him.

After he had been some time occupied with these anxious thoughts, it suddenly struck him that he might as well make use of his present freedom; so he changed himself into a falcon, with one gold feather and one silver feather, and flew high, high up into the air. And as he went sailing along, so fetterless and free, he felt sorely tempted to break his word, and fly far, far away, where neither the prince nor the red knight should ever find him.

But just then he heard a well-known voice, saying, "Whither away, Sir Greenhat?" And when he looked downwards, he saw he was just over the wood where the well was, and there sat the old man with the white beard. So the falcon dropped at the old man's feet, assumed his human shape again, and told him all his troubles—about the red knight, about the prince's command, and about his own promise to put the halter round his neck, if, after three days, he could not undertake what was demanded of him. "And that is a sheer impossibility; so what shall I do now, father?"

"It is not at all impossible," said the old man, "if you will only take care to do as I bid you, and not to be presumptuous and forgetful again. To-morrow you shall give the prince a proof of what you can do. Only do as I tell you, and I will see to it that you are not brought to shame." So the old man gave him his instructions for the following day, and then he added: "If the prince cannot be persuaded to give up this expedition, nor permit you to remain at home, come to me to-morrow evening, and I will then tell you what you must do."

With a light heart and glad, Greenhat flew back to the castle, went to bed, and slept soundly all night. Next morning, in accordance with the old man's instructions, he said to one of the other grooms: "I want you to do me a service. You must come with me to the prince, and when we are standing before him, you must say to me: 'As surely as you, Greenhat, can turn into a mustard-seed lying in my right hand, so surely too you can fetch the princess from that foreign land.'"

"What would be the good of that?" said the youth. "We should only be making fools of ourselves."

But Greenhat told him not to trouble himself about that. Neither of them should be made a fool of; he might as well do him this little service.

So at last the youth consented, and they both went to the prince. Then the groom said as he had been told to say, "So surely as you, Greenhat, can turn into a mustard-seed lying in my right hand, so surely too can you fetch the princess from that foreign land." And in an instant Greenhat was turned into a mustard-seed lying in the groom's right hand, and the next moment there he stood again in his human form.

Then said the prince: "Well, you have proved that you can fetch the princess, by

performing such magic tricks; so now you shall fetch her."

Greenhat was not at all pleased with this order, but he promised that next day he would let the prince know what he should require for the journey.

That same evening he flew again to the old man in the wood, and received from him full instructions as to what he had to do. The following day he was to go to the prince and demand a ship, fully provisioned for seven years, and he was also to have the prince's portrait to take with him. When that was done, he was to go on board quite alone, and he must look very narrowly to be sure that the red knight was nowhere in the ship. Then he must set the sails, but after that he would not need to touch a rope, nor use the helm—the old man would steer the ship for him. He was to sail on till he came in sight of a castle with three gold turrets. Then he was to lower sail, cast anchor, and fly on shore in his falcon shape, for there the princess lived to whom he was going. Then he was to mount the ramparts of the castle in his porcupine shape. There the princess would see him and take him home with her, and then he was to confide to her his errand. The next day he was to appear upon the ramparts in the form of a stag. The princess would again take him home with her, and then they could discuss matters more closely. And when everything had been arranged and settled, he was to convey the princess secretly on board, weigh anchor, and again set the sails; after that he need not touch a rope, but must sail on till he came to the prince's castle, and then he must conduct the bride to the prince.

Greenhat thanked his foster-father, and promised faithfully to carry out all his orders exactly. Next day he went to the prince, and demanded a ship provided with seven years' provisions, and the prince's portrait. And preparations were at once set on foot to get everything into order.

As soon as the ship was ready, and all made taut and trim as it should be, Sir Greenhat took the prince's portrait and went on board alone, let go the anchor, set the sails and gave himself up to the winds and the waves, whilst the old man invisibly steered the ship. He had gone on sailing thus for a year or two, when at length he came in sight of a castle with three gold turrets. So he cast anchor and lowered his sails. Then he changed himself into a falcon, with one gold feather

and one silver feather, and flew inland to the castle. Then he changed himself into a porcupine, with one golden quill and one silver quill, and went up on the ramparts surrounding the castle. Soon the princess came by, walking with her father. She was as beautiful as the sun. Then she caught sight of the porcupine. Never before had she seen a porcupine with such quills. So she begged her father to let her take it home with her. He was very willing to please his daughter; so he gave her permission to do so. Then she took the porcupine up in her apron, and carried it home to the castle, and put it in her own room. It was now evening, and she went to her room to feed the porcupine, and to play with it. But the porcupine began to talk, and told her that he was in reality a man, and that he was come because there was a prince in a far-off land who loved her, and wished to woo and win her for his wife, if she would only come back with his ambassador.

The princess thought this most amusing. She lived very much shut up and was never allowed to see any one but her father and the ladies of the court, and they bored her. But that there should be a prince far away in a foreign land who loved her, and wished to marry her!—yes, this indeed was most delightfully amusing. But, she said, she must know what he looked like, before she could tell if he could care for him. So Greenhat showed her the prince's portrait, which he always carried about with him, and as soon as the princess saw it she fell in love with the prince. But, she said, this had come upon her so suddenly, she must have a day to think it over.

So Greenhat changed himself into a falcon and flew back to the ship. Next morning the king inquired after the wonderful porcupine. He wanted to have a good look at it by daylight, he said. But the princess said it was gone. So he scolded her for not taking better care of it. In the evening, however, he went to walk with her on the ramparts again, and to get a little fresh air. There they saw a stag that had one gold antler and one silver antler. The princess begged the king to let her catch it, and take it home with her.

"Now what would be the good, if you could catch it?" said he. "If you could not take care of the porcupine, you would not take any better care of the stag."

But she begged so hard that at last he gave her leave to try and catch it. So she ran and filled her apron with barley-

corns, and so enticed the stag after her inside the castle gate, which was quickly shut after her, and then she took the stag into her room, and tied it fast. That was only for appearance' sake, for she knew very well who it was. And as soon as she could she went to her room again, untied the stag, and entered into conversation with him.

Greenhat asked if she had decided to go back with him, and she answered yes, but she must have one day to pack up such of her valuables and jewellery as she wished to take with her; and *that* Greenhat considered only reasonable. So it was arranged that next evening there should be a boat from the ship lying under the ramparts; the princess need only contrive to slip away unperceived by any one, and then she should be carried off, full sail, to her heart's dearest. When that had been settled, Greenhat flew away in his falcon shape out of the window on board ship. Next morning the king at once inquired after the stag. The princess said that the stag had run away, just as the porcupine had done. Then the king was very angry and scolded her for her carelessness.

In the evening Greenhat lay with the ship's boat under the ramparts. The princess got off, with her valuables, unperceived by any one, and Greenhat rowed her out to the ship, weighed anchor and set the sails, and then off they went, sailing away to the prince's land. Greenhat and the princess were standing in the fore part of the ship, and he was pointing out to the princess her future home, the castle which they could see in the distance. All at once he was seized by two strong arms and thrown overboard. This was the red knight's doing. He had been on board ever since Greenhat left home, hidden away all the time amongst the cargo, and now clad in armor, he thrust himself like a great grey gryphon between Greenhat and the princess, grasped hold of Greenhat before he could look round, and threw him into the raging billows.

Soon after this the ship reached land, and the red knight hastened to lead the princess on shore to the prince. And then he spoke and said: "Here is the princess, whom I have won and brought home to you. It was well for you that I went too, for Greenhat is an unfaithful servant; he wanted to deceive you and the princess, and to keep her for himself. But I was too clever for him. I left him behind in the princess's land, and brought the princess safely home to my lord."

For this gallant deed and for the loyalty he had displayed the red knight was raised to the rank of count, and was made the first man in the land, next to the prince himself. But this princess, the most beautiful in the world, appeared to have one great defect—she was dumb, and she continued dumb; not one word did she utter, and she appeared neither to hear nor to understand anything. She had seen from the first that whatever she might say, the prince would take the red knight's word in preference to hers. So she was silent, and continued to hope that the faithful Greenhat was still alive, and that he would come and clear the matter up.

The prince was very grieved when he saw that the beautiful princess was, or appeared to be, both deaf and dumb. He determined to take her to his sister, and to let her remain the night with her. He hoped then that his sister would induce her to speak, if her dumbness was only a pretence, as indeed it might be, for the red knight declared that he had talked with her, and persuaded her to come with him to the expectant bridegroom. When the princesses were left together in the evening, the prince's sister fell on the neck of the strange princess, kissed her, and said that if she would only speak and tell her what was in her heart, she too would keep it secret, whatever it might be, that the princess had to communicate. But it was all of no use, the beautiful princess was dumb and remained dumb. Then the prince summoned his council, and laid the matter before them. The foreign princess, who had promised to be his bride, was now dumb, although she had been able to speak before. Things were not as they should be; she must be either a witch or a changeling. Then the council decreed that she was either a wizard or a witch, and that therefore she should be burned. Their verdict was announced to the princess, but she showed no sign of being affected by it. While this went on at the royal castle, Greenhat was living still, although he had been cast into the raging billows, and had sunk to the bottom of the sea. For at the very moment that he fell into the water there was a mermaid who had been following the ship, and had stared herself half blind gazing at the handsome young knight who was on board, and now she caught him in her arms, and carried him away safely to her castle in the depths of the sea. She told him that she loved him, and that if he would be her husband, he should live

happily with her forever in these beautiful caves. But Sir Greenhat was very sorrowful, and would not listen to the mermaid when she talked thus to him. He thought of the beautiful earth, with its green woods, and of the sky above, with the sun, and the moon, and the shining stars. But most of all he thought of the time when he used to ride his horses to water on the prince's estate, and he saw again the soft eyes looking down from the window, and watching him. The most beautiful princess in the world, who was his master's promised bride, and whom he had himself found and won for the prince, had never made him forgetful of his own princess. So one morning early, the mermaid came to him and said: "Well, Sir Greenhat, so a beautiful princess is to be burned alive to-day for your sake. And that is she whom you brought home to your master from that far-off land. Ever since you were thrown overboard she has pretended to be dumb, and for that reason she is to be burned."

Then Greenhat begged and prayed her to let him go away for just one hour that he might go and see this thing. He promised and vowed he would come back to her when the hour was up. She knew he would keep his word, and as she was very desirous to make him like her, she granted his request, and swam with him to the shore.

There Greenhat changed himself into a porcupine, with one gold quill and one silver quill, and he came to the stake, and he ran in amongst the pile of faggots which were already lighted, and he set up his quills and scattered the wood on all sides, so that not a hair of the beautiful princess was singed.

The prince, who stood close by, marvelled greatly, and he said: "What a wonderful porcupine that was! If one only had one of those quills!"

Then the dumb princess spoke these words, and said: "He holds fast who has."

Now she had shown them that she could speak, and the red knight had spoken the truth when he said that she was dumb only because she *would* not speak. So she was led back to the castle again, and in the evening she was taken to the prince's sister, who was to try once more to see if she could not persuade her to give up the imposture. Then all might yet be well. The prince's sister talked to her in the most moving manner, and implored her not to continue to make herself and all of them so unhappy by her obdu-

racy. She promised beforehand anything the beautiful princess should desire of her, if she would only break her silence and confide in her.

Then the strange princess spoke and said: "If you will make the same vow that I have made, then I will confide in you."

So the prince's sister promised. And then the strange princess related to her all that had happened — how Sir Greenhat had faithfully fulfilled his master's mission, and brought her from that far-off land, and how that villain, the red knight, had thrown him into the sea; and how she then vowed she would be dumb till she saw Sir Greenhat again, or till he should prove himself to be still living. And now she had seen him, for it was he who, in the form of a porcupine, had scattered the faggots and saved her life that day.

When the prince's sister heard that, she said that she would do as she had promised, so now she made a vow to be dumb until Sir Greenhat showed himself again. He would come *yet*, and clear up everything. And so then she confided to the strange princess that Sir Greenhat was the one whom she loved in secret; and that he had won her heart the very first time she saw him, disguised as a lowly serving-man.

Next morning both the princesses were dumb, and no one could make them utter a word. So the council was again summoned. They were all much alarmed — the evil was increasing. This troll who had come into the land was now beginning to bewitch others. This evil thing must be rooted out before it spread any further. And the council agreed there and then that both the princesses must be put to death as speedily as possible. Some wished that they should be torn to pieces, each by four wild horses; others suggested that they should be rolled about in barrels full of iron spikes till they died; but at last they all agreed that whatever doom the red knight pronounced upon them, that death they should die. Then he condemned them to be burned to ashes. An immense quantity of wood should be piled up in the meadow outside the castle, and when the fire had got a good hold, then both the princesses were to be thrown into the pile of faggots.

Meantime, Greenhat was in the mermaid's castle at the bottom of the sea. He had not yet consented to be betrothed to her, but still she thought he seemed less melancholy, so she hoped that he would, in time, lose all remembrance of

earth and its belongings, and become hers forever. One morning she came to him and said: "Well, Sir Greenhat, to-day two princesses are to be burned for your sake."

Then he begged and prayed that she would let him go and see it, he would be with her again by the time the hour was over. The mermaid thought it wisest to please him in this matter, for she was very anxious to win his affections, so she swam with him to land, and set him down upon the sea-shore. Then Sir Greenhat changed himself into a stag, with one gold antler and one silver antler, and he went bounding along till he came to the place where the pile of faggots stood burning. Then he dashed right in amongst them, and scattered them with his horns and with his hoofs, so that the sparks and ashes flew miles around, but not a hair of either of the princesses was singed.

Then the prince cried: "That was a wonderful stag! If one had one of those antlers!" And both the princesses answered and said: "He holds it fast who has." So then they *could* speak, only they *wouldn't*. Then they were taken back to the castle. And a respite of three nights was accorded to them, in order to see if they could get released from their enchantment, or if they would bethink themselves and consent to reveal all that their dumbness had hitherto concealed.

But meantime preparations were being made for their execution. An immense pile of faggots was raised in the meadow outside the castle, and a high bulwark was erected round it, and on the third morning, as the princesses still continued dumb, soldiers were stationed so as to form a deep circle outside the stake, and the princesses were led inside the circle, the faggots were set light to, and when the fire had got into a good blaze, the princesses were to be cast into the flames.

On the morning of that day the mermaid said again: "Well, Sir Greenhat, to-day the two princesses are going to be burned in good earnest, and for your sake. But it will be of no use for you to beg to be allowed to go and see it this time, for it was you who prevented their being burned the last twice. I am sick and tired of these princesses — let them burn! Am not I far more beautiful than they?"

"Yes, that you certainly are," said Greenhat; "neither do I want you to put me on shore to-day, but you *must* let me see them burning. Only just lift me above the water so that I can see the stake"

Never before had he spoken so kindly to her, and the mermaid could not resist him. So she swam upwards with him, and then held him up, so that he had his head above water. "Can you see anything?" she asked.

"No, I see no stake," answered the knight; "you must lift me up higher."

So she lifted him up so high that his arms were out of the water. "Now can you see it?" said she.

"No, not yet," said the knight. "You must lift me up higher."

So the mermaid lifted him up so high that his feet touched the surface of the water. "Now can you see it?" she asked.

"Yes, so farewell," answered Sir Greenhat, and with that he changed himself into a falcon, with one golden feather and one silver feather, and he flew out of the mermaid's hand. She seized hold of him by the neck, and some of the feathers were left in her hand; but the falcon soared aloft, high up in the clouds, above the sea, and above the shore, above the bulwark, and above the guard of soldiers, and then dropped down on to the pile of faggots at the very moment that the princesses were cast into the flames; and he flapped with his wings and scattered the faggots on every side, so that the sparks and ashes flew all over the prince's kingdom.

Then both the princesses cried out at once: "Stand forth, Sir Greenhat!" And there he stood in his human shape, and both the princesses fell on his neck and kissed him. So now they had both recovered their powers of speech. And the beautiful princess from the far-off land, she told them everything, from beginning to end — how Sir Greenhat had faithfully fulfilled his master's mission, and had wooed her in the form of a falcon, a porcupine, and a stag; and how he had conducted her on board the ship, and taken care of her until they came in sight of the prince's land. And then how the false red knight had crept up behind Greenhat and thrown him into the sea.

When the prince heard all this, he was both angry and ashamed that he should have believed the red knight, and have so wronged both his sister and his betrothed bride. And he bade Greenhat pronounce sentence against the traitorous villain. So he condemned him to be burned upon the very pile of faggots which he had prepared for the two innocent princesses. And every one helped to get the wood together again, and to set light to it, and so the false knight was burned to ashes. And then there was a

double wedding. The prince was married to his beautiful princess, and Sir Greenhat to the prince's sister. And the marriage festivities lasted three years and three days, and every one was glad both great and small.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SCOTLAND OF MARY STUART.

NO. II.

THE SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

THE stranger who from the summit of Blackford Hill gazes across green strath and winding river and autumn-tinted woods to the distant Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi, is astonished by the wonderful variety and beauty of the landscape. No fairer scene had Marmion surveyed; (the magic light of an incomparable imagination falls here as elsewhere!) and many who have gone further afield than Marmion are ready to admit that it is not easily rivalled. The capital itself and its immediate surroundings can be studied to better advantage from this than from any other coign of vantage in the neighborhood. Arthur's Seat, with the long buttress of Salisbury Crag, stands directly before us. A mile or so to the west the castle crowns the rocky ridge which rises from Holyrood to St. Giles's, and on which old Edinburgh was built. Beyond the spires of church and citadel stretch the blue waters of the Forth and the low shores of Fife. In the mid-distance lies the rocky island of Inchkeith; and with a field-glass the masts of the merchant navy riding in the roads of Leith (where Winter's fleet lay during the famous siege) may be singled out, one by one. The level plain between us and the city — the arena, as it were, of a spacious amphitheatre — is surrounded on every side by eminences more or less commanding, — the Castle Rock, the Calton Hill, Arthur's Seat, the heights of Blackford, Craiglockhart, and Corstorphine. Directly behind us lies the deep glen of the Hermitage, with its rich sweep of autumnal woods; while still further to the south the graceful line of the Pentlands rises sharply and picturesquely above the pastoral hills of Braid.

It is not less than three miles from Blackford to the Castle Hill; but the whole intervening space has now been built over — much of it within the memory of middle aged men. The squalid and

densely populated closes that surround the Grassmarket and the Greyfriars are succeeded by stately crescents and spacious squares, and these again by the sumptuous villas of the lawyers and merchants of the prosperous capital of the north.

The Edinburgh that Lethington knew as a lad—the Edinburgh of 1545 or of 1550—was contracted within narrow limits. It occupied the back of the ridge between the Castle and Holyrood, or to speak more correctly, between the Castle and the Netherbow; for at that time the Canongate, which continued the High Street to the palace of Mary Stuart, formed a separate burgh. On the north no fortified line of wall was needed,—the deep dip into the Nor' Loch being sufficient protection for the lofty buildings which were there crowded along the brink of a wellnigh impassable ravine.

Outside the city wall to the south there was little building of any kind. The district was sparsely peopled. There were one or two chapels or religious houses; some sort of provisional shelter on the Boroughmuir for those smitten by leprosy or the plague; a hamlet of rustics beside St. Roque; the strong castle of the Napiers of Merchiston, and the mansion of the lairds of Braid. A dense forest of oak had at one time clothed the gentle slopes that lie between Merchiston and the Pentlands—"a field spacious and delightful by the shade of many stately and aged oaks;" but the forest had been gradually thinned out; much of the timber had been used for the construction of booths and galleries in the city; and the wild creatures which had haunted the sylvan glades of Blackford and Braid had been driven back upon the valley of the Tweed and the moors and marshes of the Upper Ward.

The French called the city *Lislebourg*—a name which now seems hardly appropriate. In the sixteenth century, however, Edinburgh was nearly surrounded by water. The Nor' Loch and the marshes of the Boroughmuir have been drained; but the picturesque slopes of Arthur's Seat still rise from the reedy margin of lakes where the ousel and the moor-hen breed.

The edge of the ridge on which the buildings of old Edinburgh were piled is nowhere more than a few yards wide. The main thoroughfare occupied this narrow *arête*. The steep and often precipitous closes which join the High Street and Canongate at right angles, and con-

stitute the most notable feature of the old town, take their character from the lie of the ground which they occupy. They form a series of stairs or ladders, on either side of the ridge, leading straight from the level and open country below to the central thoroughfare. In this main thoroughfare the whole public life of the city was concentrated. Here was the great Collegiate Church of St. Giles,—here the market-places (the Tron and the Butter Tron), the Cross, the Parliament House, the Courts of Justice, the dwellings of the great nobles and lawyers and merchants and ecclesiastics. The population of the capital at this time did not amount to more than forty thousand souls; but it was crowded into a space where at the present day it would be difficult to accommodate one-half the number. The whole length of the High Street from the Castle to the Tron is only eight hundred yards; from the Castle to Holyrood not more than fourteen hundred. The capital was thus as populous as an ant-hill; and from morning to night the main street at least must have presented a busy and stirring scene—a scene which no doubt reminded the Flemish trader of the turbulent burgher life of the great cities of his native land,—of Ghent and Antwerp and Bruges. Much of the business was transacted in the open air; the closes, each shut off by its gate from the High Street, were so narrow that neighbors sitting at door or window could converse across the footpath. The ferment of this excited and animated life, favorable as it was to the growth of a somewhat turbulent democratic sentiment, must have been highly contagious. Priests and nobles and tradesmen and caddies jostled one another on the "causey." They met in the great cathedral at the solemn functions of the Church; they bartered and trafficked in the roadway; the women sat and gossiped on the outside stairs of the houses, or along the open galleries; no criminal was taken to the Tolbooth or hanged at the Cross, no troop of retainers wearing the livery of Douglas or Hamilton entered the gates, no sermon was preached in St. Giles's or speech made to the Parliament, without the whole community being forthwith apprised of what had taken place. The "rascal multitude" of the capital was alternately abused by courtly Churchman and uncourtly Reformer; and the impulsiveness which led them to side now with the one faction and now with the other, was no doubt due to the feverish conditions of the life they led. Brought

daily together into intimate contact, each craftsman was known by headmark to every other. All public acts, all political and municipal duties, were transacted under a fierce blaze of light, which excited and stimulated the entire society. Thus it came about that at not unfrequent intervals, when heated by zeal or blinded by panic, they sallied out, master and man, like a swarm of angry bees.*

Of this stirring and crowded life, and of the influence it exercised on the nation at large, I shall have occasion to speak hereafter; in the mean time we must try to realize with some distinctness the condition of provincial Scotland, the Scotland that lay outside the walls of the capital, about the time when William Maitland left the family nest to try his fortune at court. The country everywhere was thinly peopled; the whole population in the middle of the sixteenth century did not probably exceed six hundred thousand souls. The estimate is approximate only; there are no statistics which can be implicitly trusted. For a nation which was forced to play a great part in the European politics of the age, the number seems to us insignificant; but, with our "teeming millions," we are apt to forget that the influence of a nation does not necessarily depend on its numerical superiority. Athens, in her prime, had only three hundred and fifty thousand citizens; the population of Judea did not exceed a million and a quarter. Before the War of the Succession, which placed Robert Bruce on the throne, the population of Scotland had probably been as great as it was in the beginning of Mary's reign; but three centuries of bloody wars and disastrous feuds had effectually arrested the natural growth. During the forty years of comparative tranquillity which followed there was a rapid rise. Because of the long truce, as Buchanan observes of an earlier pause in

the slaughter, "there were more young men in the country." When James VI. ascended the English throne in 1603, his Scottish subjects numbered about a million.

It is difficult to believe that the ruler of this handful of people could on occasion bring twenty or thirty or forty thousand men into the field. The number of Scotsmen who fought at Flodden has been possibly overstated by our earlier writers; yet there seems no good reason to doubt that at least thirty thousand men-at-arms were gathered upon the Boroughmuir. But when we remember that every man and boy between sixteen and sixty years of age was liable to serve, the difficulty is to some extent removed. The population of Scotland, according to the census of 1881, slightly exceeded three millions and a half. Of this number nearly one million males were between the ages of sixteen and sixty. Assuming that the population is now six times greater than it was in the reign of James IV., and that the proportion of available males to the whole population remains about the same, there must have been in 1513 considerably upwards of one hundred thousand men capable of bearing arms. On a grave national emergency, and when the great nobles were cordially united, it is quite possible that at least a third of this number—thirty or forty thousand more or less disciplined retainers—may have followed the king to the field.

From the point of view of the social and political observer, the people of Scotland during the sixteenth century might have been roughly classified as Borderers, Lowlanders, and Celts,—the inhabitants of the border dales, of the lowland counties along the eastern seaboard, and of the wild and mountainous districts, highland and island, lying behind the chain of the Grampians. In constructing a picture of the Scotland of Mary Stuart these broad lines of demarcation must be habitually recognized. Impassable marshes where the bitter and the bustard lodged; broad meres haunted by water-fowl; masses of primeval forest from which the wild creatures of the chase—the wolf, the boar, the red deer—had not yet been driven; a scanty strip of arable land round the unfrequent hamlet, and a considerable breadth of pastoral country, rising through meadow grass and bent and heather, to the stony infertility of the surrounding mountains; the splendid and imposing houses of the religious orders, the fortified castles of the nobles, the wretched

* Taylor, the Water Poet, who was in Scotland some fifty years after the period of which I am writing, gives a graphic picture of the capital as it was in the beginning of the next century: "Leaving the castle, I descended lower to the city, wherein I observed the fairest and goodliest street—one-half an English mile from the Castle to a faire port which they called the Netherbow, and from that port the street which they call the Kenny-gate is one quarter of a mile more, down to the King's Palace, called Holy-rood-house; the buildings on each side of the way being all of squared stone, five, six, and seven stories high, and many by-lanes and closes on each side of the way, wherein are gentlemen's houses, much fairer than the buildings in the high street, for in the high street the marchants and tradesmen do dwell, but the gentlemen's mansions and goodliest houses are obscurely founded in the aforesaid lanes; the walls are eight or ten foote thick, exceeding strong, not built for a day or a week or a month or a year; but from antiquity to posterity for many ages."

cabins of the peasantry,—these were common to each. But while among the wilds of Liddesdale and Badenoch the people were in a very rudimentary stage of civilization, were not yet weaned from the savage ways of their ancestors, Fife and the Lothians were comparatively settled. "Fife and the Lothians" is a convenient colloquial expression much in use at the time; but "Fife and the Lothians" really represented a much wider territorial area—an area extending on the one hand to Glasgow, and on the other to Elgin or Aberdeen. Trade, agriculture, commerce; historical, ecclesiastical, and legal culture; the amenities of social and domestic life; the political forces which determine the form of government,—were to be found there, and there only. The capital, the university towns, the rising burghs, the thriving seaports, were included in the "inland counties," from which the outlaws of Athol and Badenoch, and the broken men of the Border—"stark moss-troopers and arrant thieves"—were excluded by act of Parliament.*

Of the outlying districts, the Border country was most intimately associated with the general history of the time, and exercised the most direct influence upon the course of events.

The rain-cloud that sweeps the sides of Ettrick Pen helps to fill the Tweed, the Annan, and the Esk; and the configuration of the Border dales will be best understood if we take our stand on one or other of the peaks of the range of which Ettrick Pen is probably the true summit. To the north and north-east we have the valley of the Tweed, to the south and south-west the valleys of the Esk and the Annan. The Tweed falls into the German Ocean; the Esk and Annan into the Solway. The tributary valleys of the Tweed are those through which the Ettrick, the Yarrow, the Leader, and the Teviot flow. All these, except the Leader, descend from the hill country which lies to the south; the Leader alone, issuing from the Lam-

mermuirs, belongs to the north. Speaking generally, it may be said that the basin of the Tweed comprehends the whole of the fertile strath that lies between the Lammermuir and the Cheviots. Melrose, Dryburgh, Roxburgh, Kelso, are built on the banks of the main stream; Branxholm stands on the Teviot; Ferniehurst on the Jed. This is the Scott and Ker country,—the Lords of Buccleuch and the Kers of Ferniehurst and Cessford. Crossing the hillside above Branxholm we reach the system of valleys whose combined waters ultimately form the Esk—Eskdale, Ewesdale, Wauchopdale, and Liddesdale. Dwelling close to the Border among wellnigh inaccessible marshes, (the Debatable Land of Canonbie, Morton, and Kirkandrews, the cause of constant strife), the men of these dales—Armstrongs, Elliots, Grahams, and Littles—were exceptionally turbulent and troublesome. "The thieves of Liddesdale" had an ill repute, and defied with impunity the Scottish and English wardens. "The Armstrongs of Liddesdale," Magnus wrote in 1526, "had reported presumptuously that they would not be ordered, neither by the King of Scots, their Sovereign Lord, nor by the King of England, but after such manner as their fathers had used before them." Hermitage Castle was the only considerable place in these remote and lawless valleys. Built by Nicolas de Soulis, it had afterwards come to be a stronghold of the Douglas. On the overthrow of the great house, the Hepburns of Hailes appear to have assumed, by a rather loose kind of hereditary title, the wardenship of the middle marches, and Hermitage passed into their hands. Annandale is the last of the true Border dales; for Nithsdale, which is sometimes classed along with them, is separated from England by the broad waters of the Solway. The "great names" in these western valleys were Jardine, Johnstone, and Maxwell. The dales must at that time have been populous; on a week's notice seven thousand men could be raised in Nithsdale, Annandale, and Liddesdale alone.

The fighting men of the Border were all mounted. As light irregular cavalry, as scouts in a difficult country, their services to a more organized force were often invaluable. The Border nags were slight, but wiry and indefatigable, and perfectly suited for Border travel and Border warfare. They could pick their way with admirable sagacity along the narrow and slippery tracks that crossed the quaking mosses of Tynedale or Tarras; they

* Marie of Lorraine, the queen of James V., landing at Fife Ness, rode to St. Andrews, where she was met by the bridegroom. "When the queen came to her palace and met with the king, she confessed unto him she never saw in France, nor no other country, so many good faces in so little room, as she saw that day in Scotland: For she said it was shown unto her in France, that Scotland was but a barbarous country, destitute and void of all good commodities that used to be in other countries; but now she confessed she saw the contrary: For she never saw so many fair personages of men, women, young babes, and children, as she saw that day." There may have been a touch of flattery in this speech; but other travellers were struck in the same way; and the "East Neuk of Fife" was probably in the reign of James V. the most settled and progressive district in Scotland.

could clamber like goats across a mountain pass or up the bed of a torrent; in the darkest night, through the wildest storm, the natural wariness which they shared with the fox and the fowmart could be implicitly trusted. The man who had lost his arm was not more helpless than the Borderer who had lost his horse. On the other hand, when man and horse were well mated, the moss-trooper was a formidable foe. In his steel bonnet and leather jacket, "dag" or "hackbut" at his saddle-bow, and a Jedburgh stave or jack-spear ready to his hand, he could ride forty miles between dusk and dawn, and then swoop like a hawk upon a hostile clan or the "auld enemy" of England. They were not gipsies; they clung with persistent fidelity each man to the dale where he was born; but the life, if not nomadic, had no element of stability or permanence. The beacon fires which sent the news of a raid from peel to peel were constantly blazing. By the time the slogan of the freebooters was heard, the cabins had been unroofed and dismantled — the women and children, the sheep and cattle, had been huddled within the thick walls of the neighboring castle — and the men had ridden off through moor and moss to rally the outlying retainers of their chief. *Reparabit cornua Phæbe* was the motto of the Scotts of Harden. It might have been adopted by the Border men in general. They were, in Falstaff's phrase, "Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon." Passionately fond of the chase, the "mysteries of woods and forests" appealed to the imagination of the Borderer with peculiar force. But the moonlight ride across the hills, with the prospect of a sharp skirmish and a rich haul of "nolt" and nags on the other side of the water, was a still finer joy. It was a cruel, lawless, and anarchic society; yet it had at the same time some of the virtues which a more polished community is apt to lose. The Red Indian is a Red Indian to the end; but the Border blood was good. Though entirely illiterate, the dalesmen were not devoid of imagination. The plaintive wail of the Border ballad, the echo of an earlier minstrelsy, has still to a Scottish ear a charm of its own. They were brave and fearless; devout after a fashion; bribe or menace could not shake their fidelity. The unwritten laws of Border honor were inflexibly maintained by thieves and outlaws. A traitor coming among them fared badly. He was a marked man, and had short shrift. The Judas who betrayed the

fugitive Northumberland was never forgiven. "To take Hector's cloak" became a proverbial term of reproach.

About the time of Hector's treachery, one of Cecil's emissaries made his way into Teviotdale, where the Earl of Westmorland was in hiding amongst the Kers. Constable was an abominable scoundrel; but his narrative is bright and animated. The devil quotes Scripture, we are told; and the familiar letters of Elizabeth's ministers, in which, while invoking the countenance of the Almighty in language borrowed from the Psalms and the Prophets, the basest intrigues are unblushingly disclosed and discussed, simply amazes us. The obliquity of the Puritanic conscience, the deadness of the moral sense in profoundly moral men, is an almost unaccountable phenomenon; we can have no doubt of the sincerity of their religious zeal, and yet they lied like troopers. What is the explanation? Constable had a keen perception of the infamy of his mission; yet Cecil himself could not have applied the salve of the public well-being to his conscience with more unctuous adroitness. He sincerely trusts that Elizabeth will be merciful; for he could never forgive himself if his victims were brought to the block. "If it should turn to the effusion of their blood, my conscience would be troubled all the days of my life." His guides, though thieves and outlaws, were quite incorruptible; his own mission, he admits, was intrinsically base. "This be a traitorous kind of service that I am wayded in, to trap them that trusted me, as Judas did Christ." The men he was bribed to betray were his own kith and kin, old friends and neighbors; and he praises Lady Westmorland — against whose husband's life he was plotting — with affectionate if discriminating enthusiasm, — "a faithful servant of God; a dutiful subject to the queen's Majesty; an obedient, careful, loving wife to her husband; and of a ripeness of wit, readiness of memory, and plain and pithy utterance of her words. I have talked with many, but never with her like."* One is glad to know that the fugitives escaped, and that his own experiences were not altogether pleasant. "I came furth of Scotland on Sunday, the extremest day for wind and snow that ever I rode in;" "I dare not ride over the fells without more company, for I was in great peril meeting a company of Scots thieves on Thursday

* Lady Westmorland was Anne Howard, daughter of the Earl of Surrey, and sister of the Duke of Norfolk.

at night last." But, as I have said, the fellow wrote admirably, and no livelier picture of the interior of a Border peel has been preserved.

"So I left Ferniehurst and went to my host's house, where I found many guests of divers factions — some outlaws of England, some of Scotland, some neighbors thereabouts — at cards; some for placks and hardheads; and after that I had diligently learned and inquired that there was none of my surname that had me in deadly feud, nor none that knew me, I sat down and played for hardheads amongst them, where I heard *vox populi* that the Lord Regent would not for his own honor, nor for honor of his country, deliver the Earls, if he had them both, unless it were to have their Queen delivered to him; and if he would agree to make that exchange, the Borderers would start up in his contrary, and reive both the Queen and the Lords from him, for the like shame was never before done in Scotland, and that he durst better eat his own 'luggs' than come again to seek Ferniehurst; if he did he should be fought with ere he came over Soutra Edge. Hector of Harlow's head was wished to have been eaten amongst us at supper."*

George Buchanan was a native of the Lennox — from the hamlet of Moss near Killearn, where he was born, the mountains round Loch Lomond are plainly visible — and his notices of the neighboring highlands and islands, with which he was familiar, are lively and valuable. From Buchanan (from Buchanan supplemented by Pitscottie, Leslie, and other contemporary writers) a sufficiently accurate picture of the Celtic mountaineer of Mary's reign may be obtained. In the earliest Scottish maps the "Mounth" is the dividing line between Highland and Lowland; and the "Mounth" is an extension of the Grampian chain, stretching from the Dee on the one side of the island to the estuary of the Clyde on the other. "*Le Mounth ubi est pessimum passagium sine cibo*," is an entry that indicates with perfect exactness the feelings about the mountain barrier, and the country behind it, which was then common in the "home counties." Mary

went to Inverness by the level road along the east coast; yet of that holiday ride Randolph, who accompanied her, wrote, "From Stirling she taketh her journey as far north as Inverness, a terrible journey both for horse and man, the countries are so poor and the victuals so scarce. It is thought that it will be a journey for her of two months and more." The confused chaos of hill and valley, lying along the "Deucaledonian Sea," which occupies an uncertain space in the older maps, is described by their authors as the favorite haunt of shy and savage creatures which elsewhere were gradually disappearing. "*Hic maxima venatio*." "*Hic habundant lupi*." It was the country of the red deer and the wolf; in a still earlier age, of the wild boar and the beaver. Robbers were numerous upon the land, pirates upon the water; yet even along that remote and dangerous coast peaceful industries had begun to establish themselves.

Buchanan's survey takes us along the coast-line from Ailsa Craig to the Shetland Islands. Kyle and Galloway, he tells us, were richer in flocks than in corn. The people salted and ate the eels which were caught in all the lochs in vast numbers — a curious fact; for though still a favorite fish in England, the lower classes in Scotland would now as soon think of eating an adder or a toad as an eel. The light and sandy soil round Ayr was better fitted to produce brave men than corn and cattle; but the town itself was already a thriving seaport. The lofty Ailsa in the offing, then as now tenanted by multitudes of solan geese, but inaccessible to man except by a single dangerous footpath, was resorted to during the summer season while the cod-fishing lasted by immense numbers of small craft. To avoid the risk of rounding the Mull, the seamen entering or quitting the estuary dragged their light vessels across the isthmus at Knapdale. Jura was finely wooded, and abounded in deer; and lead was obtained in the rich and fruitful Islay. The tombs of the kings of Scotland, Ireland, and Norway could still be seen at Iona. Multitudes of sea-fowl were taken in Rum, Tiree, and the remoter islands; in Colonsay the rare eider bred; and herds of seals sunned themselves upon every sandy beach. At Vaterza large numbers of fishermen assembled at certain seasons; Barra was already noted for its cod-fishery; and Skye, where corn, black cattle, and herds of mares abounded, was famous for its herring and its salmon. Seals, sea-fowl, and dried mutton were paid as rent by

* Æneas Sylvius, one of the Piccolomini, afterwards Pius II., who was in Scotland in 1413, found the Borderers, lay and clerical, much inclined to conviviality. At a merry meeting in a priest's house on the English side of the Border, which had been prolonged into the small hours, there was an alarm after midnight that the Scotch moss-troopers were near at hand, — whereupon the jovial company broke up, and took refuge without delay in the neighboring peel.

the tenants. At a time when kings and queens and great nobles were passionately fond of hawking, the trees and rocks where the falcons bred were jealously preserved; yet what trade there was with the outside world consisted mainly of fish. The peaceful merchant trading among the islands was exposed, indeed, to no inconsiderable risks. The western seas, wild and stormy at all times, were then infested by piratical craft. In the wooded island of Rona was a deep inlet "where pirates lurked." In Uist were numerous caves covered with heath — "the lurking-places of robbers." On an island opposite Loch Broom the Celtic freebooters lay in the sheltered bays, and "kept watch for travellers;" while South Gruinart — one of the most romantic and charming districts on the mainland — was then, in Buchanan's words, "darkened with gloomy woods and infested with notorious robbers." The northern islanders, the Orcadians and Shetlanders, had little intercourse with Scotland, and traded chiefly with Norway. They bought their boats from the Norwegian shipbuilders, and sent them in exchange oil, butter, fish, and a coarse thick cloth, which the women wove. They were remarkably healthy, and lived to a great age. One of them who died quite lately, Buchanan adds, married a wife when he was one hundred years old; and in his hundred and fortieth year was so hale and vigorous that in his frail skiff he would brave alone the roughest seas.

Leslie's description is substantially to the same effect; but it contains some additional touches. The more distant parts of the island are horrible, he admits, by reason of the Grampian mountains, and "other rough, sharp, and hard hills, full of moss, moor, and morass." Yet there are, even beyond the Mounth, some favored spots — such as Lochaber, of which, indeed, Buchanan had testified that it was "delightful from its shady groves, and pleasant rivulets and fountains." At the time when the bishop wrote, Loch Broom had become the central station for the herring fishing on the west coast; it was "copious in herring miraculously," and was resorted to not only by Scotch fishermen, but by the English, the French, and the Flemings. A species of goat found on the island of Hirta, was remarkable for its size and its magnificent horns. Capercaillie, falcons, eagles, grouse, black-cock, bustards, and six kinds of geese, are among the wild-fowl enumerated by Leslie. Of the wild goose, he says there is a marvellous multitude in the west isles,

where they are captured in nets, and domesticated by the natives. Wild swans do not seem to have been so numerous on that side of the island; the Loch of Spynie and other inland waters on the east coast, having been then, as they are still, among their favorite haunts. The Orkney Islanders traded with Holland as well as with Scandinavia — whale-oil being the chief commodity which they exported. Their horses were very small, but in labor marvellously durable; and food was so cheap among them, that a hundred eggs could be bought for a French sous of Tours. "And that none think that I speak sophistically, those eggs of which I speak are hens' eggs, and new and fresh; and again, that I be not thought to speak hyperbolically or above my bounds, I say less (they shall understand) than the truth is."

The pirates and robbers, "the wicked thieves and limmers," "the strange beggars resorting in great numbers out of the Highlands," against whom many old statutes were directed, were outside the pale of Lowland charity; but of the people "we call Redshanks," who occupy "the mair horrible places of the realm," both Buchanan and the bishop speak in eulogistic terms. They are not blind to their faults, indeed; some of which, it is to be feared, the Celt has not yet unlearned or outgrown. Leslie, for instance, complains that "not karing as it war for the morn," they catch only as many fish as will serve for immediate use — leaving the more lucrative deep-sea trade to be prosecuted by others. But the simple, abstemious, hardy life led by the mountaineers, is cordially praised. They could go all day without food — eating only in the early morning and at night. Hunting and fishing supplied them with what food they needed. They flayed the deer where it fell, and the skin filled with water served as a vessel in which to boil the flesh. They naturally delighted in blue and purple and other brilliant colors; but their plaids and kilts were of a plain dark brown — a color so like the heather among which they lurked, that it failed to attract the eye. Wrapped in their plaids, they braved the severest storms in the open air — sleeping sometimes even among the snow. Their beds were composed of fern or heather; when they travelled abroad they threw aside the pillow and blanket with which they were supplied by their hosts, lest they might grow effeminate like their Lowland neighbors.* They wore an iron headpiece, and

* Some of whom seem actually to have enjoyed the

a coat of mail made of loose iron rings, very light and flexible, — "harnest with jacks all woven through with iron hooks" — as Leslie vividly describes it. The bow was their favorite weapon (it was retained indeed by the hill-poacher till about the end of last century; and among the braes of Rannoch many an antlered stag fell to the eagle-feathered arrow of Ewen M'Ewen within the memory of people who were living the other day), though some carried swords, and others Lochaber axes. The Highland Celts, like the dalesmen, were passionately fond of music. They played on bagpipe and harp, — the harps of the greater bards being richly decorated with silver and precious stones. The praise of brave men and brave deeds was the subject of their songs, which, Buchanan observes, were "not inelegant." The caustic Dunbar, on the other hand, was very hard upon the Celtic minstrels:

The Devil sae devt was with their yell,
That in the deepest pot of hell,
He smorit them with smoke.*

The Catholic bishop naturally commends the constancy of the Celt to the Catholic faith. The Borderers, who long resisted the preachers (Norfolk says significantly that the Humes and the Kers sided with the congregation for the expulsion of the French, but were not inclined to them in matters of religion), were won over at last; but the new doctrines failed to cross the mountain barrier, and in Highland glen and western island the people continued to worship as their fathers worshipped before the days of Knox. Amongst the Redshanks — he continues — is continual battle. The greater of degree and the nobler of blood is in the war the foremost. Their prince or captain they hold in such reverence, that for his cause or at his command they will venture their own life — be the danger or death

luxury of a feather-bed. At least in the inventory of Archbishop Beaton's effects (in his action against Mure of Caldwell), "23 felder beds" are included. The value put upon them is rather suggestive of rarity, — they were luxuries which, like the glass windows at Alnwick, were laid away carefully when the owner left. "It were good," the steward says in his report on Alnwick Castle for the year 1567, "that the whole lights of every window, at the departure of his lordship, and during the time of his lordship's absence, were taken down and laid up in safety, until his return they be set up anew."

* The serenade of bagpipes to which Mary was treated on her arrival at Holyrood is noticed by Brantôme; "Hé! quelle musique! et quel repos pour sa nuit!" "She was so well pleased with the melody," Calderwood observes, "that she willed the same to be continued some nights after." I suspect it was to the same favorite musical instrument that Froissart alludes, — "it seemed as if all the devils of hell had been there."

never so bitter. If at any time they are free from war, they spend it not in idleness or vanity or auld wives' fables, but in making the limbs of their bodies more firm and fit by running, fencing, and wrestling. Even the wild beasts of the forest they run down on foot. No men thus are less delicate than the Redshanks, or less given to voluptuous and fleshly pleasures. And in the same manner of way they bring up their "bairns" — in shooting of arrows, in feeding of horses, in casting darts, in hearing of the men of renown in whose footsteps they are to tread.*

So much for the Redshank of Mary's reign. It was a hard life that he led; according to modern standards he was little better than a savage; and the modern historian waxes merry at his expense. A paradoxical Froude or a quixotic Ruskin may possibly be inclined to maintain, indeed, that the education which makes men simple, hardy, brave, and frugal is not to be despised. How many a scholar from Eton or Oxford could spend the winter night among the heather — a mouthful of oat cake for supper, a "green turf" for a pillow, the North Star straight overhead — and rise at daybreak with the moorcock and the whaup?

When we descend from Border peel and Highland clachan to the low countries lying mainly along the eastern seaboard, we come among a people who, in spite of domestic feuds and the weakness of the central government, are comparatively peaceful and civilized. Except when civil war was actually raging, the itinerant "chapman" might carry his pack from Glasgow to Edinburgh, from Edinburgh to St. Andrews and Perth and Aberdeen, without much risk. There was no general or organized police force to render life and property secure; but, continual anarchy being insupportable, an implicit understanding existed among the greater barons that each within his own territory would be responsible for the maintenance of some degree of order. The extensive woods, which at an earlier period had covered the country, had been destroyed. Only a fragment of the *Silva Caledonia* remained. Timber was scarce, and in those districts where peat could not be obtained, the people were badly off for fuel. But the removal of almost impassable thickets had been attended with one

* Condensed from Leslie. The amusing translation into the vernacular by Father James Dalrymple, has been recently edited for the Scottish Text Society by Father E. G. Cody.

advantage: the outlaw — the robber and the assassin — was deprived of a secure retreat. He could no longer shelter himself in the gloomy and inaccessible depths of a forest which stretched from Loch Awe to the Border. Other savage creatures, too, were scared away. The red deer could still roam across the heather; but when the forest fell before fire or axe, the wolf was fain to retreat to Badenoch or Lochaber.

When these changes came about it is difficult exactly to determine. In the country of Buchan, which, before the breaking out of the English wars, was densely wooded, no tree will grow. The oaks which are dug out of the mosses bear upon them the marks of fire; and the popular fancy in consequence attributes their destruction to some great social convulsion — possibly the "harrying" of the district by Robert or Edward Bruce. We know that the contemporary earl petitioned Edward I. to grant him *maremimum*, in consideration of the losses he had sustained by the war. Edward acceded to the request, and allowed him fifty oaks yearly out of the royal forests "in Buchan and Kintore." From this it would appear that the then earl — one of the great house of Comyn — had been attacked, and his district "harried," some time before the final defeat on Aikie Brae sent him an exile to the English court. The abundance of the bog oak in countries where, through "the penuritie of wood," the people burnt peat alone, astonished the writers of the time. "But how has such great and wide woods ever there grown, where now by no art or craft of man, will not so much as ane small wand grow (the ground is so barren), we cannot marvel enough." One considerable calamity, indeed, is probably connected with the ruin of the forest that stretched along the eastern seaboard. Large tracts of arable and pasture land which the wood protected are now covered with *sand*. The whole parish of Forvie, burgh and landward, has been "ouircassen." The vast sandhills of Foveran, over which one can tramp for hours, were, we are told, "formerly flowery meadows." A delightful naturalist, who died only the other day, has described with singular vividness the barren bents between Spey and Findhorn; these barren bents were once the most fertile lands in Moray. The light flakes have drifted across the chapel of Pittulie, the tower of Rattray, the church at Cruden, which was built by King Malcolm in memory of the nobles who fell in his last battle with the

Danes. "The kirk that was biggit to this effect," Bellenden says, "as aft-times occuris in thay partis, was ouircassen by violent blasts of sandis." The mischief became so threatening, that in the next century the Scottish Parliament, "considering that many lands, meadows, and pasturages lying on the sea-coasts have been ruined and overspread in many places of this kingdom," punished with fine and imprisonment the offence of pulling up by the root the bent or bushes of juniper that gave solidity to the shifting soil. It was probably the fringe of low and fertile land along the shore that was first brought into cultivation, and which at one time had been most densely peopled; and the great sandbanks of Moray and Aberdeenshire may thus preserve — unhappily beyond reach of the most congenial Dryasdust — some unique records of a perished society.

There can, I think, be little doubt that whatever was best and worthiest in Scottish life for several hundred years, was to be found in one form or other in connection with the great religious houses — the abbeys and monasteries — which were planted in nearly every district, however remote and however inaccessible. The missionary genius of the Catholic Church had been stronger than stormy strait, or rugged mountain, or inclement sky. The massive, strongly fortified square towers, with their picturesque roofs and gables, and turrets and bastions, which rose darkly against wood and hill from every coign of vantage, might more readily attract the eye; yet it was not in the noble's castle, but in the monastic buildings lying along the river-bank in the sheltered valley below, that the sacred flame of liberal culture, of polite learning, of a humane civilization, was encouraged to burn. The Abbey Church of Haddington was emphatically the "Lamp of Lothian;" and from age to age, from Kirkwall to the Border, such lamps had been lit. The moral, spiritual, intellectual illumination of the people — what of it there might be — came from them. That the religious orders increased and multiplied inordinately, need not be denied; and it is plain that immediately before the Reformation (although the evils have been grossly exaggerated) there was much idleness and much corruption among the higher clergy. But within the precincts of each of the wealthier abbeys an active industrial community (whose influence had been so far entirely beneficial) was housed. The prescribed offices of the Church were of course scrupulously observed (or if not

scrupulously, at least in a spirit of becoming decency); but the energies of the society were not exclusively occupied with, nor indeed mainly directed to, the performance of religious duties. The occupants of the monasteries wore the religious garb; but they were road-makers, farmers, merchants, lawyers, doctors, as well as priests. Up to the middle of the sixteenth century, communication between one district of Scotland and another was slow and laborious. There were tracks across the mosses which a pedestrian could use, and through the heather where a pack or saddle horse could be taken; but they were difficult at all times, and during rainy or wintry weather, dangerous, if not impassable. One would have expected that the road along the coast which led to Berwick, to York, to London, to Rome—the great highroad which every eminent Scotsman on his way to foreign court or famous university had used age after age—would have been plainly marked and fairly maintained; but it was not so. Norfolk writes that the artillery for the siege of Leith would require to be sent by sea, “by reason of the deep and foul ways between Berwick and Leith;” and elsewhere he observes that the country is ill suited even for carts. The earliest roads in Scotland that deserved the name were made by the monks and their dependants; and were intended to connect the religious houses as trading societies with the capital or the nearest seaport. A decent public road is indispensable to an industrial community; and a considerable proportion of the trade of the country was in the hands of the religious orders. They had depots in the burghs where they stored the produce of farm and workshop, and booths where it was sold. The monks of Melrose sent wool to the Netherlands; others trafficked in corn, in timber, in salmon. They were large employers of labor, and the peaceful peasant in the ecclesiastical vineyard had rights and privileges which the serfs of the nobles did not enjoy. Their service was thus extremely popular, and there is every reason to believe that they were good and generous masters. Many of them had been educated abroad, and had come into contact with the most enlightened of their contemporaries. Returning to their native valleys, they brought with them the wider views and the liberal tastes which they had acquired at Paris or Bologna. Some of them had studied medicine; others had studied law, others Aristotle and the schoolmen. They be-

came the schoolmasters, the lawyers, the doctors of a community which was protected from the strife of the turbulent world outside by the sanctity which attached to the religious profession. The sons of the great nobles and of the country gentlemen were taught “grammar and dialectic” in the library of the convent; the sick and the maimed were lodged in the hospital. There was thus ample scope for every taste, lay and clerical, practical and speculative,—from the monk who looked after the pigs and poultry, to the monk who illuminated a missal or composed a chronicle. Each community, each order, as was natural, had its characteristic likings and dislikings. One house turned out the best scholars and lawyers, another the finest wool and the sweetest mutton; one was famed for poetry or history, another for divinity or medicine.* There were drones among them, no doubt, but there are drones in every profession; and whoever fancies that the members of the religious orders planted in Scotland passed their lives in sloth and sensuality, is the victim of a delusion. The courtyard of a Scottish monastery during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was a busy thoroughfare, which, when business was pressing, might readily have been mistaken by a stranger for the market-place or the exchange.

For some time, however, before the Reformation, the burghs upon the coast, from the Scottish Sea (as the Firth of Forth was then called) to the Firth of Cromarty, had monopolized the general trade of the country. The burgh from an early period had been regarded with exceptional favor by the Scottish kings. Many of the charters which secure the privileges and define the duties of the burghesses, are of great antiquity; and before the unhappy strife with England had become chronic under Bruce and Stuart, several of these trading communities had attained prosperity and importance. A considerable foreign trade had been attracted, and foreign merchants, chiefly Flemings, had established themselves at the chief seaports. There was at first no common bond between the incorporations; but learning in course of time that union is strength, the principal towns formed themselves into trading confederacies, one of them representing the northern, the other the southern burghs, as divided by the Mounth. At a later period

* We are told, for instance, that polite literature was cultivated at Cupar and Arbroath, solid learning at Glasgow, historical study at St. Colms, and so on.

the northern and southern leagues united in what is still known as the Convention of Royal Burghs.

Fife at that time was probably the most densely populated county in Scotland; flourishing burghs, still picturesque in their decay, were dotted thickly along its coasts; Buchanan alludes somewhere to the rich zone of townlets by which it was girdled; and the "grey cloth mantle with its golden fringe" is the not infelicitous comparison attributed to his pedantic pupil. The Fife seaports make quite a goodly show in the records of the time—Kinghorn, Earlsferry, Elie, St. Monance, Largo, Anstruther, Crail, St. Andrews, Leven, Wemyss, Inverkeithing, Aberdeen. Considering the extent of commerce at the time, their imports and exports were considerable. They exported, we are told, the furs of the marten and the weasel; the skins of the goat, the fox, and the red deer (at an earlier period, of the beaver and the sable); wool, salt, salmon, white fish, and oysters,—the wool and the salmon possibly being the staple commodities. The merchants of Delft, Bruges, Lille, and Rouen, were their chief customers; and from the French and Flemish cities their vessels returned with the wines of Burgundy and Bordeaux, silk, fine cloth, the precious metals. The Flemings, who were settled in various districts of Scotland, had taught the native craftsmen to carve wood and work in leather; but the really fine pieces of artistic handiwork which decorated the churches—the sacerdotal robes, the illuminated *horæ*, the gold and silver vessels—were brought from abroad.

One is struck when running over the names of the Scottish burghs by the absence of any obvious law to account for the growth of one and the decline of another. The Fife burghs have withered away. Fordoun, "a strong town, famous for the relics of St. Palladius;" Candida Casa, "the ancient town and episcopal see of St. Ninian,"—secure as marked notice from Pitscottie as Glasgow and Dumfries. So far as we are able to judge from the evidence that exists, the three most important places in Scotland during the early part of Mary's reign were Edinburgh, St. Andrews, and Aberdeen. Edinburgh, "the king's seat, where also is the Castle of Maidens, a very strong and defensible place;" St. Andrews, "specially famous for the University, and beautified with the see of the archbishop and primate of all Scotland;" Aberdeen, "between Don and Dee, with a guidlie uni-

versitie, and two fair bridges, one of seven arches of four square stone, verie rare and marvellous, and the other, ane arch of curious workmanship." As the key to the northern counties and the Gordon country, as well as the busiest seaport between Leith and Inverness, Aberdeen exercised no inconsiderable influence at an early period; but the leading events in the national history had for some time now been associated with St. Andrews and Edinburgh. Before the close of the fifteenth century, Edinburgh had become the political, St. Andrews the ecclesiastical, capital of Scotland.

"Our towns," Leslie remarks, "we fortify not with walls." It had at no period been the custom of the Scot to place his trust in stone and lime; and his rulers had taken care that the security of walled cities should not tempt him to become indolent in the use of arms. Bruce had advised his countrymen never to risk a pitched battle; and Douglas loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep. So long as they could retire upon a barren and hungry morass they were invincible; for they laid waste the country as they passed, and the "auld enemy" found little to plunder and less to eat. The capital itself had not been fortified till a comparatively recent period, and of all the lesser burghs Perth only had walls.

The mansions of the feudal nobility were sometimes erected within the municipal boundaries; but as a rule the great nobles lived at their own castles in the country, surrounded by their vassals and dependants. They were by no means exclusive; and a rude but abundant hospitality was extended to every kinsman however remote, and to any stranger who passed within hail. Hostelry had been established by James I. in burghs and market towns; but in the landward districts they were few and of ill repute, and except where the hospice of the monk took the place of the tavern, the passing traveller could not but fare badly.* The houses of the peasantry were miserable cabins, thatched with reeds or straw, dark, narrow, and noisome, "wherein the people and the beasts," as Pitscottie says, "do lie together." No one can help feeling that the architecture of the Border peel is entirely in harmony with the char-

* The monasteries both in England and Scotland were extensively used for the entertainment of travellers, many of them being in remote and secluded districts where no other shelter could be obtained. Thus it was urged on behalf of Hexham that there was no house within many miles.

acter of the country; it is as much a product of the soil in which it is rooted as the heather and the birch; and the same remark applies, a few notable exceptions notwithstanding, to the castles of the Scottish nobles in general. The towers scattered over the Lowlands were such as those in which the Maitlands dwelt—Lethingtons on a slighter and less ambitious scale; the idiomatic expression in stone and lime, if I may use the expression, of the temper of a warlike race—hardy, defiant, severely simple, rudely independent, as their own lives. The rudeness of the life, indeed, has possibly been exaggerated. If we can trust the letters and documents that remain, Hugh Rose of Kilravock, in his pleasant castle on the Nairn, bore a near resemblance in tastes and habits, in likings and dislikings, to the country gentleman of to-day. Many conveniences of modern civilization were no doubt lacking. He had no railway, or telegraph, or post-office, or daily paper; but these are not indispensable to "plain living and high thinking," and the cultivation of a wholesome national life. A man may be wise, sagacious, and politic, who eats his black pudding off a pewter plate, and swallows his black broth with a wooden ladle.

Aut quis

Simpvium ridere Numæ, nigrumque catinum
Ausus erat?*

Yet the most cultivated taste finds in the baronial architecture of that age much that is admirable; and it is obvious (in some of the minor arts especially) that the craftsmen, lay and clerical, had attained remarkable proficiency. On the polished panel of hall or chapel, a cunning pencil has been at work; and the heavy oaken cabinets—the buist and the ambry—in which the household napery and silver were stored, are often marvels of quaint and delicate carving. The dress, too (of the upper classes at least), was extremely picturesque. The common people had been required by many sumptuary laws to restrain their love of fine clothes and gaudy colors, and to appear (except on holidays,

when a somewhat livelier tint was lawful) in the homeliest and most primitive homespun. But the attire of the gentry, especially of the great dignitaries in Church and State, was sumptuous and superb. Sir Richard Maitland, as we have seen, complains that even the wives of simple burghers had taken to gold embroidery and delicate lace; and a rich and elaborate toilet had always been the besetting weakness (if we so regard it) of the great Norman noble. Even his morning undress—the light robe of mail which he wore when hunting or hawking or "harrying"—must have charmed the eye of an artist; and the dress of high ceremonial,—the velvet robe or doublet, lined with rich furs and powdered with jewellery,—showed a thorough understanding—an instinct like that of a Parisian *modiste*—or the resources of brilliant coloring, and the harmonious combination of ponderous draperies. The art is lost; the modern Englishman in full dress is a dull and sombre if not entirely ludicrous figure. To the Puritan of the Commonwealth, to Tribulation-Wholesome, and Praise-God-Barebones, the change from purple and fine linen to a Quaker-like drab is possibly to be attributed.

The great bulk of the community outside the towns, without distinction of class, were employed in agriculture. A considerable breadth of corn was sown in the Carse of Gowrie and the lowlands of Moray; but the farms elsewhere were mainly pastoral. The people were shepherds, and their "sheepcotes" are constantly mentioned in the earliest charters. The occupation of husbandry, as I have said, was not confined to any one class—James V. himself having been at one time a sheep-farmer on a great scale. We learn from Pitscottie that the king had ten thousand sheep "going in Ettrick Forest, in keeping by Andrew Bell;" and from Sadler, that the undignified conduct of his nephew, in "keeping sheep and such other vile and mean things," was the cause of lively annoyance to the king of England. James might obtain whatever he needed by plundering the Church; why should a king disgrace himself by embarking in trade? "That kind of profit," the envoy was instructed to point out, "cannot stand with the honor of a king's estate;" and the true policy was plainly indicated,— "rather by taking some of the religious houses, by good and politic means establish your revenue in such sort as ye shall be able to live like a king, and yet not meddle with sheep." James, who

* The homely simplicity of considerable Lowland lairds excited the Water Poet's surprise. There were then no drapers or haberdashers in the country; and Taylor remarks upon the plain homespun clothes of the laird who maintained forty or fifty servants, and dispensed a lavish hospitality—"his beaver being his blue bonnet, no shirts but the flax grown on his own ground, and of his wife and daughter's spinning, and his stockings, hose, and jerkin off his own sheep's wool." The family papers of the Roses of Kilravock were edited for the Spalding Club by Mr. Cosmo Innes—one of the pleasantest and soundest writers on Scottish antiquities.

was resolved to have no hand in the spoliation of the religious houses, turned away with a pleasant jest: "By my troth," quoth he, "I never knew what I had of my own, nor yet do."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A WEEK IN THE PINE REGION.

"WHEN I was young our mountains were still locked up"—I was told by a native of these parts, who accompanied me on my very first mountain excursion in Transylvania. "Whoever then wanted to climb hills, or to shoot chamois, had to travel to Switzerland to do so."

It is, in fact, only within the last five or six years that some attempt has been made to unlock the long range of lofty mountains that tower so tantalizingly over the Transylvanian plains, and render practicable the access to many a wild rocky gorge and secluded lake, hitherto unknown save to wandering Wallachian shepherds. A most praiseworthy institution, somewhat on the principle of the Alpine Club, has been formed of late, thanks to whose energy suitable guides have been secured, and rough shelter-houses erected at favorable points.

All this, however, is still in a very primitive state, and the difficulties and inconvenience attending a Transylvanian mountain excursion are yet such as will deter any but very ardent enthusiasts from making the attempt. It is not here a question, as in Switzerland, of more or less hard walking and clambering before one can reach a good supper and a comfortable bed. Here the walking is often hard enough, but with this essential difference, that there is no supper, whether good, bad, or indifferent, to be obtained by any amount of effort; and that the bed, if by rare good luck you happen to find one, consists at best of a few rough boards, with a meagre sprinkling of straw. You must not expect to find so much as a single crust of bread on your way; and the crystal water which gurgles in each mountain ravine is the only beverage you will come across.

Everything in the way of food and drink, as well as cooking utensils, knives and forks, plates and glasses, along with rugs and blankets for the night, must you carry about wherever you go, packed upon baggage-horses. Therefore, when a party consists of above three or four members, and when the projected expedition is of

eight days or upwards, the caravan is apt to assume somewhat imposing dimensions.

Luckily the prices here are still moderate in the extreme, and without rank extravagance one can indulge in the luxury of two baggage-horses and one guide apiece. One florin (about 1s. 8d.) is the usual tax for a horse *per diem*, and the same for a man, so that the daily outlay only amounts to about five shillings per head—a very small expenditure for the large measure of enjoyment to be derived from a peregrination across the mountainous parts of this country. I have no doubt that all true lovers of nature will agree with me in thinking that precisely the rough and gipsy-like fashion on which these excursions are conducted form their greatest charm; and that beautiful scenery is more thoroughly appreciated unadulterated by any seasoning of *table d'hôte* dinners, French-speaking waiters, or wire-ropes tramways.

This way of travelling has moreover the inestimable advantage of being thoroughly select, as there are not the inevitable discords which continually jar upon us when moving in a tourist-frequented country. What beautiful view does not lose half its charm, if the foreground be marred by a group of figures savoring of second-rate gentility? What echoes do not become vulgar when awakened by the shrieking chorus of a band of German students? Does not even a crumpled sheet of newspaper, or a broken champagne-bottle, betraying the recent presence of another picnicking party, suffice to ruin miles of the finest landscape, to an eye at all fastidious?

Here you may walk from sunrise to sunset without meeting other living being than some huge bird of prey, hovering in mid-air above a lonely valley; and once accustomed to the daily companionship of eagles, you are apt to become very exclusive indeed, and to regard most other society as commonplace and uninteresting.

From the moment you set foot on the wild hillside, you have left behind you all the mean and petty conditions of commonplace daily life. At least you have no other littlenesses to bear with than those you bring with you ready made—your own stock in trade, and that of your chosen companions. Therefore—if I may offer a friendly piece of counsel to any would-be mountaineer—let him look at his comrades, not twice, but full twenty times at least, before he proposes to cultivate their

uninterrupted society at an altitude of eight thousand feet above the sea. Indeed a Transylvanian mountain excursion is not a thing to be lightly entered upon, out of simple *gaieté de cœur*, like any other pleasure-trip; it is a serious and a solemn undertaking, almost a sort of marriage bond, when you engage to put up, for better for worse, with any given half-dozen individuals during an equal number of days and nights. Like gold, they must have been previously tried by fire; and there are very few people, even among your dearest acquaintances, who, when weighed in the balance, will not be found wanting in one or other of the qualifications which go towards making up a thoroughly congenial companion.

The pure ozone of these upper regions seems to act like the crystal lens of a microscope, bringing out into strong relief whatever is paltry or vulgar. Sweetly feminine airs and graces which have so entranced you in a ball-room, develop to positive monstrosities when transplanted to a mountain-top; an intellect which amply sufficed for the requirements of daily intercourse on the promenade or at morning calls, shows pitifully small when brought face to face with the majesty of nature; and a stock of amiability always hitherto found equal to the needs of conventional politeness, may very soon run dry under the unwonted strain of a genuine demand. As in the palace of truth of Madame de Genlis's fairy tale, nothing artificial can here remain undiscovered for long. You can as little hope to hide your false chignon as to conceal the exact quality of your temper; and defects of breeding will as surely lurk out as the involuntary exclamation of pain which escapes your lips whenever your favorite corn comes in unexpected contact with a merciless point of rock.

On the other hand, however, be it said, that many people who in town life have appeared dull and uninteresting, now gain in value when brought under the action of this powerful microscope. Sterling qualities, whose existence you had never suspected, now come to light, and hidden delicacies of thought, which have had no room for expansion in the muggy atmosphere of conventionality, now put forth unexpected shoots.

All this, however, is pointless digression from the subject in hand, having nothing whatever to do with my own individual experiences, when in the second week of September last autumn, in company with two ladies and four gentlemen,

I first started on one of these mountain excursions—a long-cherished wish, whose execution had been hitherto baffled by the difficulty of finding the necessary companionship.

Innate sense of veracity compels me at this point of my narrative to make the humiliating confession that I am *not* a gentleman; but, lest my ancestors should be made uncomfortable in their graves by this seeming slight to their memory, I hasten to restore them to rest by explaining that my admission refers to sex, not to pedigree, and that I have merely thought necessary to define my position at the outset, lest inquisitive readers may be wondering as I go along why I do not shoot bears or otherwise distinguish myself, and erroneously conclude that I must be a muff, whereas my sole misfortune is that of being a woman.

A six hours' drive had taken us from Hermanstadt to the foot of the hills, where horses and guides awaited us—an imposing retinue of over a dozen steeds and as many men,—the former, starved and bony-looking animals, weak and spiritless at first sight, but surefooted as goats, and with endless power of resistance; the latter, uncouth, wild fellows, with large, rolling eyes, and unkempt elf-locks, attired in coarse linen shirts, monstrous leather belts, and with feet curiously swaddled and sandalled in the customary *opintschen*, the national *chaussure* of the Roumanian peasant.

Our provisions were packed according to the habit of the country, in double sacks or panniers, made of a coarse black and white woollen stuff, and, along with our bundles of wraps, secured to the backs of the pack-horses—a somewhat complicated business, as the weight requires to be extremely nicely balanced on either side. It was surprising to see how much could be piled up on one small animal, which wellnigh disappeared under its bulky freight.

While this packing was going on, we rested by the river-side, already enjoying a foretaste of the beauties in store for us. Dense beech woods clothed the sides of the valley, almost down to the water's edge, terminating by a golden fringe of wild sunflowers, standing out in broad relief from the dark background; massive clumps or sapphire-blue gentian were sprouting between the stones, and here and there the luxuriant trails of the wild hop hung over till they touched the water; a pair of ousels perched on opposite banks were making eyes at each other across

the roaring torrent; and the deep, calm pools were sometimes stirred by the occasional leap of a silvery trout.

At last we were told that all was ready, so mounting our riding-horses, we commenced the ascent. The saddles were of the usual rough Hungarian wooden construction, with only a plaid or rug strapped over. Here everybody, men and women, have to ride astride; and though the idea be somewhat startling at first, you soon convince yourself that it is the only thing to be done if you would ride with either comfort or safety, the horses not being accustomed to a one-sided burden, nor able to bear the pressure of a tight girth when clambering. I found the unwonted position rather trying at first, and sought occasional relief by sitting sideways, using the high wooden prominence in front as the pommel of a side-saddle; but I was subsequently compelled to relinquish these experiments, as I very nearly came to serious grief, from the saddle abruptly turning, which would undoubtedly have landed me on my head, had I not succeeded in extricating myself by a frenzied evolution. After this experience, I thought it wiser to tempt fate no further, but meekly to resign myself to the degradation of a temporary change of sex.

On this particular occasion, however, I did not for long task the powers of my steed; it was so much pleasanter to walk up the mountain path, and enjoy at close quarters all the wonders of the forest. For upwards of two hours our way led us through splendid beech woods, richly carpeted with ivy and mosses, and every variety of juicy, green ferns—an endless vista of soft grey satin and emerald velvet; then by-and-by the first shy, irresolute fir-tree appears on the scene, like a bashful rustic, who has strayed unawares into the presence of royalty. The tall, majestic beeches look down contemptuously on the puny intruder; for, like ancient monarchs fallen asleep on their thrones, they do not conceive it possible that their reign should ever come to an end.

"What means this vulgar interloper?" they seem to ask disdainfully, as they nod in the evening breeze. "Are not we the sole lords in these realms? What seeks this upstart in our royal presence?"

But scarcely have we gone a hundred yards further than again we meet the intruding pine, larger and stronger this time; nor is he alone, for he has brought with him a notable group of his prickly brethren. Onward they grow from all

sides, impudently sprouting up at the very feet of the indignant beeches, their rough, green arms ruthlessly brushing against the grey satin of the shining stems, trampling over the green velvet carpet, like revolutionary peasants broken into a palace.

The lordly beeches make a last effort to assert their supremacy, but the limits of their kingdom are reached; the sharp wind which sweeps over the mountain-top, making them shake with impotent rage, is too keen for their delicate constitutions; they dwindle away, perish, and—die, leaving the field to their hardier foe.

And now King Pine has it all his own way—*Le roi est mort, vive le roi!* A minute ago we had been revelling in the beauties of the beech forest, and now, courtier-like, we find ourselves thinking that the pine woods are more beautiful yet by far. What can be more exquisite than those feathery branches trailing down to the mossy carpet? What more glorious than those straight-grown stems, each one erect and strong, like the mast of a mighty ship? What fragrance more intoxicating than the perfume they breathe forth?

Then at last the forest walls unclose, and we stand on a space of short-tufted grass, where is built the primitive hut which is to give us shelter. To the right and the left of this open meadow the pine woods slope upwards, their shadowy black outlines losing themselves in the fast-gathering twilight; and in front, at a distance of some five hundred yards, is a wall of rock over which tumbles a foaming cascade, whose voice has been gradually growing upon our ears during the last ten minutes.

The horses are relieved of their respective burdens, and set loose to graze; neither hay nor oats has been provided, nor do they expect or require it. Our Wallachian attendants busy themselves in collecting firewood, and lighting a large camp-fire, for the triple purpose of cooking the supper, keeping themselves warm, and frightening off possible bears or wolves, that may come prowling about at night in quest of a horse. There is here no difficulty in providing fuel enough for a splendid bonfire; and no wood burns with such spirit as a dead fir-tree.

It is my duty here to forestall possible anticipation by frankly acknowledging that no bear ever did come to disturb us in the night. Yet the thought of the shaggy visitor, which might at any moment be expected to drop in upon us, went a long

way towards enhancing the romance of the situation. During all our stay in the mountains, Bruin was like a vague, intangible presence, hovering around, and causing us delicious thrills of horror at every step. If we plucked a bunch of late raspberries on our path, it was with a hand trembling with fear lest a furry paw should appear at the other side of the bush to claim his rightful property; and we always lay down to sleep half expecting to be awakened by an angry growl close at hand. Consequently, the raspberries we ate and the sleep we snatched were sweetly far from common sleep and every-day raspberries, feeling, as we almost did, as though each had been wrung from a furious bear in a hand-to-hand fight.

Our shelter-hut, roughly constructed of boards, consisted of a small entrance lobby with stamped, earthy floor, and of one moderate-sized room about eight paces long. All down one side of it, occupying fully half the depth of the apartment, ran a sort of shelf covered with straw, and supposed to act as bed; a long deal table and a wooden bench, with a row of pegs for hanging up the clothes, completed the furniture. Besides the wooden shutters there were likewise removable glass windows, which are regularly deposited in a hiding-place under the flooring, lest they should be stolen or wantonly broken by the all-destroying Wallachians. Each authorized guide only is apprised of these places of concealment, to which he is careful to restore them whenever the party breaks up.

This particular shelter-hut is an exceptionally well built and luxurious one, for most of these are devoid of windows or shutters, and often closed on one side only.

By the time we had prepared our supper, and cheered ourselves with numerous cups of tea, it had grown quite dark, and we were thankful to seek our hard couches. A railway rug spread over the straw which covered the boards made them quite endurable, and all superfluous skirts and coats were pressed into service as pillows. We all lay down in our clothes, merely removing our boots, for it is hardly possible to dress too warmly for a night passed in one of these Carpathian shelter-huts; and though the day had been so warm as to render the thinnest summer clothing necessary for walking, up here the nights are piercingly cold, and even a heavy fur sledging-cloak was not found to be *de trop*.

Though the splash of the waterfall and the tinkling bell of a grazing horse were

the only sounds which broke the stillness of the valley, yet these unwonted surroundings did not allow of much consecutive slumber. It is, however, surprising to note to what a minimum the necessary dose of sleep can be reduced on such occasions. The body, renovated as by a magic potion, seems unaccountably delivered from all physical weaknesses; even the obstinate sore throat we had brought with us from the world below, had inexplicably disappeared in the pure atmosphere of the pine woods.

Next morning we proceeded to the real object of our excursion, the Bulea See, a lake lying further up in the mountains, at a height of 2,050 metres (6,662 English feet), and situated about three hours distant from our shelter-hut. There was a steep clamber till we had reached the top of the waterfall, and then we found ourselves in a second valley, wider and larger than the former, and of a totally different character. Here were neither moss nor ferns, neither beech nor pine woods, only a deep and capacious vale, shut in by pointed rocks on either side, and thickly strewn throughout with massive boulder stones, each of which would seem to mark the resting-place of a giant. The only form of vegetation here visible, besides the short-tufted grass sprouting in detached patches between the stones, are the stunted irregular fir-bushes (called in German *Krummholz*), which, blown by the gales into all sorts of fantastic shapes, resemble as many misshapen goblins, playing at hide-and-seek among the giant tombstones, crawling and creeping into every hollow which can afford them shelter from the inclemency of the winter storm—for now we have entered a third kingdom, and the reign of King Pine is at an end. Having depassed the height of eighteen hundred metres (5,905½ English feet), above which fir-trees do not thrive, these once stalwart and overbearing giants have now dwindled down to the deformed and crooked goblins we see.

Yet here again are we forced to acknowledge this new metamorphosis to be but another step in the scale of loveliness. We had been enchanted by the beech woods, ravished by the pine forest; yet now, all at once, we feel that with the desolate wildness of this upper valley a yet higher note of beauty has been struck.

Here nature, seeming to disdain such toilet artifices as are represented by trees, ferns, or mosses, like a classical statue boldly reveals herself in all the grandeur of her glorious nudity, with nothing to

detract the eye from the perfection of her sublime curves.

Something of the charm of this desolate stony valley lay, perhaps, for me, in its marked resemblance to Scottish scenery, irresistibly reminding me of some of the wilder parts of Arran, the upper half of Glen Rosa, or portions of Glen Sannox, seen long, long ago, but never forgotten; and for a moment I experienced the welcome sensation of recognizing the portrait of a beloved old friend in a strange picture-gallery.

The fierce barking of dogs aroused me from my comparisons, and now for the first time I perceived that in one place the large loose stones had been piled together so as to form a rude sort of hovel or cavern — the headquarters of some shepherds who had come hither to find pasture for their flocks during the short-lived mountain summer.

We approached the *stina*, as these Roumanian *bergeries* are called, and cross-questioned the shepherd as to his habits and occupation. He was ready enough to enter into conversation with us and our guides, seemingly rejoiced at the sight of other human beings after a long period of isolation. From him we learnt that the shepherds are in the habit of coming up here each summer, about the end of June, to remain till the middle of September, after which date snow may be expected to set in, and it is not practicable to remain. The flocks are not the property of one individual, but each village inhabitant has his particular sheep marked with his own sign. All the mountain pasturage about these parts belongs to a Count T—, who receives forty-five kreutzers (about 9d.) per sheep for its summer pasturage. This particular flock consisted of eight hundred sheep, herded by four shepherds only, and five or six large wolf-dogs. The men receive thirty florins for the time of their service, as well as a pair of sandals and a certain proportion of food — chiefly maize corn-flour, to be cooked into *mamaliga*. These wages (about £2 10s.) are considered high in these parts, but the work expected is hard and fatiguing. The whole day the shepherd creeps along the crags with his flocks at places where scarcely a goat would obtain footing; and at night he must sleep in the open air, whatever be the weather, ready to spring up on the slightest alarm of bear or wolf.

"When did you last see a bear?" we inquired of the solitary shepherd.

"This very night, *domnu* (master)," he said. "The *ursu* came prowling about

the camp, and had to be driven away by the dogs. Most nights he does come, and not one of my dogs but what has been scratched or wounded by him in turn, and already four sheep have been carried away by him this summer."

"And where are your sheep at present?" we asked, looking round at the deserted camp.

The man pointed upwards, and uttered a shrill unearthly cry, which presently was repeated as by an echo from the topmost ledges of the crags overhead. And there, looking up to where the jagged peaks were sharply defined against the blue sky, we could see the white sheep clinging all over the face of the precipitous cliffs like patches of new-fallen snow. It was wonderful to see how these seemingly senseless creatures obeyed the slightest call of their shepherd, who by the inflections of his voice alone guides them in whatever direction he pleases; and it seems almost incredible that these men should be able to recognize and identify each single animal out of a flock of several hundred.

When we came to see those sheep at close quarters, we were surprised at the whiteness and fine quality of their wool — each animal looking as though it had been freshly washed and carefully combed out like the favorite poodle of some fine lady, presenting a striking contrast to the flocks down below on the plains, whose appearance in general is dirty and unkempt. The superior toilet of the mountain sheep would seem owing to the constant mists and vapors ever flitting to and fro in these higher regions, and which thus enact the parts of cleansing spirits.

Besides the dogs, there is usually a donkey attached to each shepherd's establishment. It carries the packs of cheese and milk, or the heavy *bunda* (fur coat) of its master, and follows the sheep about wherever its legs permit. On this occasion, we came upon the inevitable ass some few hundred yards further on, standing on a giant tombstone, and with head thrown back, loudly braying up in the direction of the mountain heights. He, too, had caught sight of his beloved sheep scrambling so far out of reach up there, and, weary of his loneliness, was thus passionately entreating his eight hundred sweethearts to return to his faithful side.

Two hours more up the lonely valley brought us to our destination. There was one last rocky wall to be overcome, and having scaled it, we stood with panting breath before the Bulea See, — a curiously suggestive little loch, dark-greenish blue

in color, which nestles in the stony chalice formed by the rocks around.

Nothing but grey boulder stones lying here; no plant but the deadly monk's-hood growing everywhere, in thick, short tufts of rich sapphire hue; no sign of animal life but one solitary falcon soaring overhead, and some scattered feathers lying strewn at the water's edge.*

The brooding melancholy of this solitary spot has a charm all its own. This would be the place, indeed, for a life-sick man to come and end his days; and if there be such a thing as a voluptuous suicide, methinks these were the proper surroundings for it. Death must come so swiftly and so surely in those cold, blue waters which have such an insinuating glitter. No danger here of being saved, and brought back to unwelcome life, by a meddlesome log of floating wood, or the officious arm of an outstretched branch! Everything here breathes of the very spirit of suicide—the cold, blue waters, the deadly monk's-hood, the gloomy falcon, all seem to agree, "This is the end of life; come here and die!"

But let the hapless wretch bent on leaving this world beware of looking round once more before executing his resolve; for if he but turn and gaze again at the magnificent panorama at his feet, assuredly he will be violently recalled to life.

I do not recollect having seen any single view which, in its glorious variety, ever impressed me as much as what I saw looking from the platform beside the Bulea See. Neither a framed-in picture, nor yet a bird's-eye view, it rather gave me the impression as though I were standing at the top of a giant staircase, whose balustrades are formed by the jagged peaks of the crags on either side, and whose separate steps present as many gradations of variegated beauty. Close to our feet there lay the stony valley we had just been traversing, with its giant tombstones and stunted dwarf bushes, and the flashing crest of the snowy waterfall just visible like a silver thread at the furthest point. Then after a sudden drop of some hundred yards, our eye lighted upon the pine valley with the shelter-hut, where we had passed the previous night. With a telescope we could just make out the site of the campfire, and the figures of some grazing

horses. Of the third step of this giant ladder—namely, the beech forest, one could only distinguish the billowy tops of the close-grown trees, a road of waving green, touched here and there by the hand of autumn into russet and golden tints; then far, far below lay stretched the smiling plain, streaked with occasional dark patches we knew to be forests, and sundry white dots we guessed at as villages.

A long bank of clouds which had been hovering over the plain now sank down, gradually obscuring that part of the view—but not for long. This was but another freak of nature, one more turn in the kaleidoscope,—for now the mist has sunk so low that the plain itself appears above it, and we behold the landscape thus fantastically framed in the clouds, like a delusive Fata Morgana.

This is indeed a tableau never to weary of; and after gazing at it for ten ecstatic minutes, I defy the life-sick man to turn away and carry out his suicidal intentions.

The cruel green waters have lost their attraction for him, and the spell of the deadly monk's-hood is broken, for another's voice whispers in his ear, and it tells him of life and of hope. A minute ago he had felt like a condemned criminal standing within sight of his grave; but now, with the world at his feet, he is fain to think himself monarch of all he beholds.

The giant's ladder contains one more step; for by scrambling up the rocks at one side of the loch, one can reach the jagged crest of the mountain, and walking there for hours on the confines of Roumania, gain an extensive view into both countries.

This is what did some of the gentlemen of our party in hopes of coming across chamois; while the rest of us remained at the water's edge, content with what we had achieved, and settled down, not to suicide, but to such healthier, if more commonplace pursuits, as luncheon and sketching. At least the luncheon was eaten, and the sketch was begun; but beginning and finishing are two very different things, and one cannot here reckon without the mountain sprites who were this day mischievously inclined.

A tiny white cloudlet, snowy and innocent, looking like a puff of swan's-down, had meanwhile detached itself from the bank of clouds below the plain, and was speeding aloft in our direction. Incredibly fast this mountain-sprite ascended the giant staircase, gliding over the space it had taken us three hours to traverse in scarce a quarter of that time; jumping

* These feathers, of a bluish-green color, we identified as those of the garrulous roller (*Coracias garrula*); and as this bird is never found at the height aforementioned (6,662 feet), apparently it had been crossing the mountain to migrate southwards when its plans were disturbed by the watchful falcon.

two steps at once, it seemed, in its malicious haste, to spoil our pleasure. Now it has reached the terrace where we are sitting, we feel its cold breath on our cheek, and in another minute it has flung its moist filmy veil over the scene. The lake at our side has disappeared, we cannot see ten paces in front, and we shiver under the warm wraps we just now despised.

The mist, which feels at first like a soft invisible rain, gradually becomes harder and more prickly. There is a sharp rattling sound in the air, and we realize that we are sitting in a hailstorm from which we vainly try to escape by dodging under overhanging rocks.

As quickly as it came it is gone again; for scarce ten minutes later the sun shines out triumphant, dispersing the ill-natured vapors. Yet a little longer will the sun lord it up here as master, and come victorious out of all such combats; but these impish cloudlets are the outrunners of the army of the dread ice-king, and will return again day by day in greater force, soon to be no more driven away from these regions.

Our quarters at the shelter-hut in the pine valley were so satisfactory, that instead of remaining there only two nights as had been originally intended, we stayed a whole week, exploring the valley in all directions, making sketches of the principal points, and collecting stocks of the rare ferns and mosses with which the neighborhood abounded, along with the *Alpenrose*, which we often found still flowering at sheltered spots.

A thorough dose of nature enjoyed in this way acts like a regenerating medicine on a mind and body wearied or weakened by a long strain of conventionalities. It is refreshing merely to gaze at a beautiful scene, untainted as yet by the so-called civilizing breath of man, who, too often attempting to paint the lily, invariably vulgarizes when he thinks to improve the work of the Creator. If, for instance, this exquisite valley were transported on to Austrian ground,—say, for instance, within the well-known precincts of the lovely Wienerwald,* how much of its charm must inevitably have been spoiled ere now by some terrible *Verschönerungs Verein* (Beautifying Association), as are called those loathsome institutions, noisome abortions of a diseased German

brain, which have the object of teaching unfortunate mankind to appreciate the beauties of nature, in the only correct fashion authorized by science! Viewed in the abstract, an ignorant person, unacquainted with the country, might be prone to imagine taking a walk up any of those beautiful wooded hills to be a comparatively simple affair, provided his lungs and his *chaussure* be in adequate walking trim. Ridiculous error! to be speedily rectified by painful experience, before you have spent many days in the neighborhood. It is there not a question of boots, but of books—of science, not of soles. Your lungs are useless, unless your mind be rightly adjusted; and the latest edition of "Mayer's Conversations Lexicon" will be far more necessary to fit you for a walk in the Wienerwald, than a pair of patent Euknemida walking-boots. To go into a civilized Austrian forest, requires at least as much preparation as to enter a fashionable ball-room; and unless you have been thoroughly grounded in contemporary literature, general history, and the biographies of celebrated men, you had far better stay at home.

There you are not left to yourself to make acquaintance with trees and flowers, as your ignorant rustic fashion has hitherto been, but your exact relations to the botanical world around you are precisely defined from the very outset. At every step you make you are overwhelmed with alternate doses of advice, admonition, entreaty, or threat; but never, never by any chance are you left to your own devices. You cannot ever feel as if you were alone, even in the most hidden depths of the forest; for the tormenting spirit of the *Verschönerungs Verein* insists on following you about step by step, its jarring voice ever breaking in upon your most secret reveries. It *warns* you not to tread on the grass; it *entreats* you to spare the pine cones; it *instructs* you to avoid meddling with the toadstools; it *recommends* the flowers to your special protection; it *advises* you to be careful with your cigar ashes; it *commands* you to muzzle your unfortunate terrier; it weighs you down with a crushing sense of your own unworthiness, by appealing to your sense of honor, of probity, of refinement, of patriotism, and to a hundred other noble qualities you are acutely conscious of *not* possessing; and finally, adding insult to injury, it mutters dark threats against your purse or your liberty, should you remain deaf to its hateful voice, and presume to have overstepped the limits of

* The wooded hills to the west and south of Vienna go by the name of the Wienerwald, and are renowned for their beauty.

familiarity prescribed towards an oak tree or a bush of wild rose.

If, chafing in spirit at these reiterated pin-pricks, you would take some rest by sitting down on one of the numerous benches placed there for the convenience of exhausted (but perfectly educated) individuals, you are abruptly called upon to choose between Goethe and Schiller, Kant or Hegel, Lessing or Wieland, each of which celebrities have had the proud monument of six feet of white painted board erected to his immortal memory. A harmless-enough-looking little bridge is designated as *Custoza bridge*; and a delicious opening in the forest, redolent of wild cyclamen, desecrated by the base appellation of *Philosophen Wiese*. Even the trickling spring where you stop to slake your thirst has been christened by some such preposterous title as the Fountain of Friendship, or the Spring of Gratitude. In fact you cannot move a hundred yards in any given direction without the names of celebrated men, national victories, or cardinal virtues, being forced down your throat *ad nauseam*; and what, to my thinking, is the cruellest grievance of all, you are debarred the simple satisfaction of losing your way in a natural and unsophisticated manner, every second tree having been converted into a sign-post, which persists in giving information you would much rather be without.

Latitude and longitude are dinned into your ears with merciless precision; staring patches of blue and scarlet paint, arranged to express a whole alphabet of cabalistic signs, disfigure the ruddy bronze of noble pine stems; gaunt, pointing fingers, multiplied as in a delirious nightmare, meet you at every turn, informing you of your exact bearings with regard to any given point of the landscape within a radius of ten miles,—two hours from *Bürgersruhe*, five from *Wienerlust*, an hour and a half from *Philisterberg*—and oh, how many weary hours away from anything resembling nature and freedom, poetry and eagles!

You long to be gone from the mournful spectacle of nature profaned and debased; your independent spirit chafes and frets under the oppressive tyranny of a vulgar despot, who, not content with directing your movements and restraining your actions, would further extend his odious interference to the inmost regions of your thoughts and feelings. Why should I be confronted with Hegel, when I happen to be deeply engrossed in the far more congenial society of an interesting stag-

beetle? Wherefore disturb the luxurious sense of gloomy revenge which my soul may be brooding, by any sentiment so fabulous and sickly as gratitude or friendship? Why dishonor the intoxicating fragrance of pale cyclamen by a bookworm odor of mistiness and mildew? Why, oh cruel *Verschönerungs Verein*, skilful annihilator of all that is beautiful and sublime, have you left no margin for poetry or imagination, romance or accident, conjecture or hope, in visiting those regions? *Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate*—or rather, if you be wise and will take my advice, refrain from entering these hopeless regions, but, turning your back on all such, go right through to *Transylvania*, where you will find in abundance all the conditions elsewhere so plentifully awaiting.

What unmixed delight to see here everything unspoiled and unadulterated, each tree and flower living out its natural life, and falling into beautiful decay, without having been turned aside from its original vocation, to minister to some imaginary want of sensual, greedy, rapacious man! to find one little spot where nature yet reigns supreme! to be able to gaze around and say that those splendid fir-stems will *not* be defiled by vulgar paint, nor yet sliced up in a noisy sawmill; those late scarlet strawberries hanging in coral fringes from pearl-gray rocks will *not* be sold at so much a pint, and boiled up into sickly jams; those prickly cones will *not* be abstracted from their rightful owners, the red-coated squirrels, in order to adorn the tasteless verandah of some popular beer-house or noisy skittle-ground; the swelling outlines of those glorious blue gentians will be flattened in *no* improved herbarium, nor those gorgeous butterflies invited to join any biological museum to further the interests of science; those brown leaping trout will, thank heaven, never, never figure on an illuminated *menu card* as *truites à la Perigord*, to flatter the palate of some dissipated sybarite! Neither Kant nor Hegel will think of rising from their graves to torment me here; and no vulgarizing *Verein* has attempted to mar the effect of this beautiful wilderness.

It is wonderful how soon one gets accustomed to roughing it, and doing without the comforts and luxuries of daily life. After the first morning it seemed no hardship to perform one's toilet at a mountain spring, shrouded in a boudoir of pine-trees. Empty bottles are very worthy substitutes for silver candlesticks; and for

cleaning your boots or brushing your dress, a wild Wallachian peasant will be found to be quite as serviceable as a trained *femme de chambre*.

Dress and fashion, uniforms and coffee-houses, the wearisome chit-chat of a little country town, as well as the intricacies of European politics, had all passed out of our lives as totally as though they had never had a place there, leaving no regret, hardly even a memory. We were as virtually isolated as though cast on a desert island in the Pacific; and but for one messenger, despatched to assure us of the welfare of our respective families, we had no communication with the world we had left.

Here we had a hundred other causes of interest of a more absorbing and healthier kind than the so-called pleasures we had left below. First, there was the waterfall, a never-failing source of delight. It was delicious to sketch it, sitting on a moss-grown stone at the edge of the torrent; it was yet more delicious to clamber up to its base, and clinging on to a rock, receive the breath of the spray full on one's face, and enjoy at close quarters the musical thunder of its voice.

Not far from this was the place where, four years previously, the great avalanche had swept over the valley, felling prostrate every tree which came in its passage. All across one side of the glen, and half-way up the opposite hill, can one trace the ravaging march of the destroying forces; for here the woodman never comes with his axe, and each tree still lies prostrate just where it was stricken down, like giant ninepins overthrown; and here they will lie undisturbed till they rot away and turn to soft red dust, mute vouchers to the terrible power of unchained nature. One felt inclined to envy the bears and eagles for this glorious sight, of which they alone can have been the fortunate spectators.

Another place of interest pointed out by our guides was the bridge of fir-stems over a deep ravine, where, years ago, a terrified flock of sheep, pursued by a bear in broad daylight, had leaped down over the precipice,—upwards of three hundred of them breaking their legs in their frenzied efforts to escape.

The shepherds who lived in the stony valley above came frequently down to our establishment, and we used to find them comfortably ensconced at our camp-fire in deep conversation with the Wallachian guides. In their lonely existence it must have been a pleasant experience to have

neighbors at all within reach, and our hospitable camp-fire was no doubt equal to a fashionable club in their simple minds. They brought us cheese and sheep's milk to taste. The cheese was very palatable, and the milk much richer than cows' milk, but of a peculiar taste, which I failed to appreciate.

There was a shepherdess, too, belonging to the establishment; but let no one, misled by the appellation, instinctively recall visions of dainty pastel paintings, and coquettish porcelain figures,—for anything more utterly at variance with the associations suggested by Watteau or *Vieux Saxe*, than the uncouth, swarthy, one-eyed damsel inhabiting the *bergerie*, cannot well be conceived. The male shepherds were four in number—two of them of nondescript, unremarkable appearance; the third, a boy of perhaps fourteen, with large, senseless eyes, and a fixed idiotic grin, looked no more than semi-human. The most agreeable member of the party, and, as we ladies unanimously agreed, uncontestedly the flower of the flock, was a good-looking young man of about twenty-two, with straight-cut, regular features, a high brown fur cap, and a wooden flute, on which he played in a queer, monotonous fashion, resembling the droning tones of a bagpipe. He had come from Roumania, he told us, and had been for a while in Turkey tending flocks, where he had picked up something of the language. It was a curious country, he observed, and the people there had curious habits, as that, for instance, of keeping several wives; the richer a man was over there, the more wives he treated himself to. He shrugged his shoulders, as he made this remark in a supercilious manner, evidently of opinion that women were an evil which should not be multiplied unnecessarily; and certainly, judging from the solitary specimen of female beauty which the stony valley contained, no man could feel tempted to embark in a very extensive harem.

We subsequently ascertained that the interesting shepherd with the fur cap and the wooden flute had committed a murder over in Roumania, and had been obliged to fly the country on that account. This discovery made us somewhat more reserved with our romantic neighbor; and though we could not exactly put a stop to his visits, yet we never felt quite at ease in his society unless there happened to be a gun or revolver within handy reach.

We had no complaint to make of our Wallachian guides, who proved to be

active, obliging, and full of inventive resources. They were very particular about keeping their fast-days, as prescribed by the Greek Church, and would refuse all offers of food at such times. When not fasting they were easily made happy by any stray morsel of cheese or bacon, and by a glassful of spirits of wine judiciously adulterated with water. On one occasion a parcel containing ten or twelve hard-boiled eggs grown stale (to put it mildly) from having been overlooked, were received with positive rapture by one of these unsophisticated beings, who devoured them on the spot, every one of them, with an expression of heartfelt relish not to be mistaken.

The Roumanians have, like the Poles, a certain inbred sense of courtesy totally wanting in their Saxon neighbors. It shows itself in many trifling acts; in the manner they rise and uncover in the presence of a superior, and the way they offer their assistance over the obstacles on the path. One day that I had hurt my foot, and was much distressed at being unable to join a longer walk, I found in the evening a large bouquet of ripe bilberries, surrounded by red autumn leaves, lying at the foot of my sleeping-place,—a delicate attention on the part of our principal guide, who wished thereby to console me for the pleasure I had lost.

The disadvantage of our *chaussure* was a constant source of compassion in the eyes of the peasants. How could we be so foolish as to submit to the torture and inconvenience of shoes and stockings, instead of adopting the comfortable *opint-schen* they wore? And they almost succeeded in persuading me to make the attempt on some future occasion; although I confess to feeling doubts as to how far a civilized foot could be brought to adapt itself to this unwonted covering.

We celebrated the last evening in the pine valley by ordering an extra large bonfire to be made; so, accordingly, three good-sized fir-trees were felled and bound together to form a sort of pyramid. A glorious sight indeed, when the flames had scaled the heights; every branch was turned into a golden brand, each little twig sent forth a profusion of rockets and a rain of fiery sparks, far more beautiful than any fireworks I had ever seen. One of our guides, called Nicolaia—the tallest and wildest-looking of the group—especially distinguished himself on this occasion; he must have had something of the salamander nature in him, for he seemed to be absolutely impervious to

heat, and to feel, in fact, quite as comfortable inside the fire as out of it. To him, by common consent, was ascribed the part of the cat's-paw—the office of taking a boiling pot off the fire, or picking the roasted potatoes from out of the red embers, being invariably delegated to him. To look at him now, almost in the centre of the glowing pile, supporting the blazing fir-trees with his sinewy arms, while a dense shower of sparks rained thickly down all over his ragged shirt and brown tawny skin, made it difficult to believe that he was not a figure designed by Doré, and had stepped straight out of Dante's Inferno.

Our last morning came, and with heartfelt regret we prepared to leave the lovely valley where we had spent such a truly delicious week. An additional horse having been required for the baggage, we were somewhat surprised to see the animal in question make its appearance, led by the Roumanian *curé* of the nearest village, who, hearing that a horse was wanted, bethought himself of turning an honest penny by hiring out his beast and enacting the part of driver.

Anywhere else it would be a strange anomaly to see a clergyman putting himself on a level with a common peasant, attired in coarse linen shirt, and meekly carrying our bundles; but such things are here of every-day occurrence. The Roumanian peasant, however rigorously he may adhere to the forms of his Church, has no sort of inordinate respect for the person of his clergyman, whose infallibility is only considered to last as long as he is standing before the altar. Once outside the church walls, he becomes an ordinary man to his congregation, and is not necessarily a much respected or respectable individual.

Our path to the foot of the hills, where our carriages were to await us, was a walk of about three hours; but soon after starting, our sacerdotal guide volunteered to show us a short cut, which should take us down in two-thirds of that time. We gladly grasped at this proposition; and our other men being on ahead with the horses, we blindly intrusted ourselves to the guidance of the holy man, who forthwith began to lead us through the very thickest forest mazes, over rocks and torrents, through bogs and briers, up hill and down dale, till our clothes were torn and our hands were bleeding. "The way must be very short indeed if it is so bad," was the reflection which kept up our spirits under these trying circumstances; but we

had yet to learn that brevity and badness do not always go hand in hand. Whether the priest had honestly lost his way and did not wish to acknowledge it, or whether, as I rather suspect, he had never been in the forest before, remains an unsolved mystery; the result was, however, that after about seven hours of remarkably hard walking, we were still lost in the depths of the forest, and apparently no nearer our destination than when we had set out.

At this juncture one of the ladies lay down on the ground, declaring herself incapable of proceeding a step further. She was nearly fainting with hunger and fatigue, for all our provisions had been sent on with the horses. The predicament was a most unpleasant one; for though the *popa* swore for at least the twentieth time that in less than half an hour we should arrive, our confidence in him was gone; we had been too cruelly imposed upon. Half an hour might just as well mean three or four hours further; and even if he spoke the truth, our unfortunate companion was far too much exhausted to go even that distance.

After a short consultation we determined that some of us should go on with the miscreant priest as guide, and send back a horse and some restoratives to the spot, leaving two of the gentlemen in charge of the invalid.

This plan proved successful; for after another half-hour of climbing and scrambling, we reached the edge of the forest, and found our guides waiting and wondering at our non-appearance.

"The devil take the *popa*!" was their unanimous exclamation when we had related our adventure. "Who could be fool enough to follow the priest? Did we not know that it was bad luck even to meet a *popa*?" they asked us pityingly; and certainly, under the circumstances, we felt more than half inclined, for once, to attach some weight to popular superstition, and inwardly resolve never again to trust ourselves to the guidance of a Roumanian *popa*.

An hour later our party was again assembled, none the worse for the slight *contretemps*, and we returned to our homes well satisfied with the experience of the last week.

In fact, this first taste of the delights of a Transylvanian mountain excursion had but stimulated our desire for more enjoyment of the same kind. After revelling so unrestrainedly in the pure mountain air, it was not possible to settle down at

once to the monotony of every-day life. Some touch of the restless roving spirit of the gipsies had come over me, and I began to realize that the life they lead might have a fascination nowhere else to be found. I positively hungered for more air, more sunshine, for deeper draughts of the pine-wood fragrance, further revelation of the mountain wonders. I could not afford to waste the very last days of this glorious summer weather cooped up in narrow streets; and as some of my late companions were of the same way of thinking, a second expedition had speedily been resolved upon.

This excursion was to be conducted on a somewhat different principle from the first one; for instead of taking up our quarters at one given point, we proposed to proceed over the mountain in true gipsy fashion, sleeping wherever we happened to find shelter in shepherds huts or foresters' lodges, or in the absence of these, bivouacking under a sail-cloth tent we carried with us. It had been planned that we were to remain out fully ten days this time, returning by a different route and making a short dip into Roumania.

We set out, accordingly, on the 23rd of September, a smaller party than before — two ladies and two gentlemen, with the requisite number of guides and baggage-horses.

We commenced our ascent from a large Roumanian village, where the white-veiled women, plying the distaff in front of their houses, sent us courteous salutations as we passed. The weather was radiantly beautiful, the atmosphere of a faultless transparency, without a breath of air to hasten the falling leaves, or a cloud on the horizon to mar the effect of the deep blue vault. There were still wild flowers enough — blue-bells, gentians, and wild carnations growing on the steep grassy slopes — to make us fancy ourselves in midsummer; and the gaudy insects which disported themselves thereon — butterflies blue and purple, gold and scarlet grasshoppers and shining bronze beetles — were as many brilliant impostors, luring us to the belief that winter was yet far away.

But the furry caterpillars knew better, for they were scuttling across our path at headlong speed, in their hurry to wrap themselves up in warm winter cocoons; and so did the ring-doves and martins, which, with other tribes of migratory birds, were all winging it swiftly towards the south, making dark streaks in the blue sky above our heads.

For our part we felt it almost too hot for walking up hill in the sun, and were thankful to gain the shade of the dense pine forests, which, without intermixture of beech, clothe all this part of the country.

There is no sense of monotony in these beautiful pine woods, though one may walk in them for many days without reaching the end of the forest, the eye being continually fascinated, and the attention kept awake by ever varied effects of light and coloring. Thus one region is distinguished by a profusion of coral ornaments, the large red toadstools sprouting everywhere on the velvety moss, looking like monster sugarplums which have fallen from these gigantic Christmas trees; then suddenly a new transformation takes place, and we are walking in a mermaid's grove far under the sea, for are not here the trees all adorned with tremulous hangings of palest green seaweed? Yet this is no other than a lichen, the *Usnea barbata*, or bearded moss, also called Rübezahls hair, which, with such strange perversity, will sometimes seize upon a whole forest district, thus fantastically decking it out in this long wavy fluff, hanging from each branch and twig in pointed bunches and fringes, like a profusion of grey-green icicles; while elsewhere, under apparently the self-same conditions of soil and vegetation, you will seek for it in vain.

Further on, we come upon a scene still more weird and suggestive, and we seem to have stepped unawares into a land of ghosts. Hundreds of dead fir-trees, dry and bleached to an ashy whiteness, are standing here upright and motionless. Unbroken by the storms and untouched by old age, with every branch and twig intact, they have been stricken to the heart's core by a treacherous enemy, the *Bostrichus typographus* (*Borken käfer*), a small but baneful insect, which for years past has been stealthily plying its deadly craft, and vampire-like sapping their life away.

Our first halt was made at a small group of huts, inhabited in summer by Hungarian *gendarmes*, stationed there for the purpose of keeping a lookout on possible military deserters, who may hope to evade service by concealing themselves among the shepherds, or by going over the frontier into Roumania. The immediate surroundings of this little establishment are rather bleak and desolate, the forest having been much cleared out of late at this spot. A tiny cemetery behind the houses seems to act the part of pleasure-ground as well; for right in its centre, separating

the eight or nine graves into two rows, is a rustic skittle-ground,—a curious arrangement, only to be explained by the supposition that the skittles had here the right of priority, while the dead men were but dissipated interlopers, who, having loved to play at skittles during their lifetime, desired to be united to them even in death. The remains of a camp-fire I observed in one corner, was another sign of the peculiar way the defunct are treated in this obscure churchyard; on nearer investigation, the ashes disclosing the charred remains of the mortuary crosses and railings which were missing from several of the graves.

In a wooden *châlet*, reserved for the occasional visits of inspection of a head forester, we obtained night quarters, proceeding on our journey next morning. The following day's march led us again through pine woods, reaching this time a comfortable gamekeeper's lodge lying deep in the forest, where we were received by a hospitable Roumanian forester, and four or five remarkably affectionate pointers.

The weather had now begun to change, and a small driving rain had already surprised us on the way. We began now reluctantly to acknowledge that the caterpillars were not so entirely devoid of sense as had appeared at first sight; and the migrating birds that had seemed so unreasonably anxious to start for Italy, were slowly rising in our estimation. Our quarters at the forester's cottage were, moreover, so comfortable, and its situation so delightful, that we resolved to stay here two nights, and give the weather time to improve before venturing on to higher ground.

This intervening day of rest we spent pleasantly enough in walking and sketching, despite occasional showers of rain, while the gentlemen proceeded to shoot *Haselhühner* in the surrounding forest. For the benefit of those unacquainted with these delicious little birds, whose technical name is *Tetrao bonasia*, I must here mention that they are about the size of a partridge, but of far superior flavor. They are mostly to be found in fir woods, where they nourish themselves with the delicate young pine shoots, along with juniper berries, sloes, and heather nibs, which give them (in a fainter degree) something of the sharp, aromatic taste of the grouse.

Close to the forester's cottage there was a river, or rather a dashing mountain torrent, and this point had been selected for the construction of a *Klause* (literally,

cloister), or to put it more clearly, a monster dam across the torrent bed, with movable sluices. By means of the body of water obtained in this manner the forest wood is conveyed to the lower world. The river-banks are here enlarged till they form a small lake; and the dam, built up securely of massive boulder stones, is, for greater security and preservation against wind and weather, walled and roofed in with wooden planking, which gives it the appearance of a roomy habitation. In connection with this lake are numerous wooden slides or troughs, which, slanting down from the adjacent hills, deposit entire trunks at the water's edge, there to be hewn up into convenient logs and thrown into the water.

When a sufficient quantity of wood has been thus collected, the sluices are opened, and with a noise like thunder the cataract breaks forth, easily sweeping its wooden burden along.

Even greater loads sometimes reach the town by this watery road; and occasionally twenty to twenty-five stems, roughly hewn out into beams for building purposes, are fastened together to form a sort of raft, firmly connected at one end by cross-boards and wooden bands, but left loose at the opposite side to admit of the beams separating fan-like according to the exigencies of the encountered obstacles as they are whirled along. Two men, furnished with lengthy poles, act as steersmen; and it requires no little skill to guide this unwieldy craft successfully through the labyrinth of rocks and whirlpools which beset the river's bed. The perils of such a cruise are considerable, and used to be greater still before some of the worst rocks were blasted away. Sometimes the whole craft goes to pieces, dashed against the stones, or else a fallen tree-stem across the river may crush the sailors as they are swept underneath. From this fate the navigators may sometimes barely escape by throwing themselves prostrate, or by leaping over the obstacle at the critical moment; or else, when the barrier is not otherwise to be evaded, and seems too formidable to surmount, they find it necessary to make voluntary shipwreck by steering on to the nearest rock. The thunder-like noise of the rush of water renders speech unavailable, so it is only by signs that the men can communicate with each other.

This particular Klaus is not in use at present, as there are other similar ones in the neighboring valleys; and the little colony of log huts, built for the accommo-

dation of workmen engaged in the business, is now standing empty, and single huts can be rented at a moderate price by any one who wishes to enjoy some weeks of a delightful solitude in the midst of exquisite pine forests.

As on the second morning after our arrival the rain had stopped, we thought we might venture to proceed on our way; the next station we had in view being the Gäeser See, a mysterious lake of which weird tales are related. This *Meeresauge* (eye of the sea)—as all such high mountain lakes are called by the people—is the source of the river Cöbin, and believed by the country folk to be directly connected with the sea by subterraneous passages. The bones of drowned seamen, and the remains of wrecked ships, are said to have been here washed ashore; and popular superstition warns the stranger to beware of disturbing its gloomy depths by throwing the least stone, or a terrible thunder-storm must be the inevitable result of such sacrilege.

No wonder we were anxious to visit such an interesting spot, and that we pressed onwards without heeding the driving mists which every now and then obscured our view. We had now reached the extremity of the pine region, and were walking along a mountain shoulder, where short, stunted bushes of fir and juniper afforded shelter for countless *Krammetz-vögel* (a sort of fieldfare), which flew up in numbers, startled at our approach, uttering shrill, piercing cries. Several of these were shot as we went along; but having no dog to seek them out, they were usually lost in the thick undergrowth where they had fallen.

The sun had now hidden itself, and a sharp, piping wind was blowing full in our faces. We struggled on manfully notwithstanding, for some time, in face of discouragement; but when at last the mist had turned to a driving snowstorm, catching our breath and blinding our eyes, we were forced to come to a standstill, and consider what next was to be done. There was no shelter to be gained by going on, our guides explained; even if we succeeded in reaching the lake, which was doubtful in this weather, there was neither hut nor hovel near it, nor for many miles around, and the sail-cloth tent, which was all we had to rely upon, would prove but scanty protection against such a storm as was evidently coming on. It was too late to think of returning to the forester's lodge, being near four o'clock in the afternoon, and darkness would set in soon after

six. By good luck, as we happened to remember, we had passed a seemingly deserted shepherd's hut about half an hour previously—the only habitation we had seen that day. By retracing our steps, we might at least hope to pass the night under a roof.

It proved no such easy matter, however, to find the place in question; for the heavy mist which accompanied the snow-storm enveloped us on all sides as with a veil, and we could not distinguish objects twenty paces off. Although the hut stood out on an open slope of meadow, we twice passed it close by without suspecting; till at last despatching a guide to find out the bearings, his welcome shout informed us that he had discovered our place of refuge, and a few minutes later we had reached the *stina*.

This primitive hut, very roughly put together of logs and beams, had been evacuated by the shepherds some ten days previously. Its walls were very low, the roof disproportionately high; there were no windows, and none were required, for there were as many chinks as boards, and fully more holes than nails about the building, and these, in freely admitting the wind and the snow, furnished enough daylight to see by as well; yet such as it was, it was far superior to our flimsy sail-cloth tent, and we felt heartily thankful for what shelter it afforded.

Inside the hut was divided off into two compartments—one for living and sleeping, the other a sort of storeroom where the shepherds are in the habit of keeping milk and cheeses. Some rude attempt at furnishing had also been made; one or two very primitive benches, some slanting boards, to serve doubtless as beds, and in the storeroom a very uneven and rickety table, weighted down by heavy stones to keep it together. Bunches of dried juniper twigs were stuck at regular intervals by way of decoration along the eaves of the roof inside; and some knives and spoons, roughly carved out of wood, came likewise to light in our course of investigation.

There was no such thing as a fireplace or chimney, but the heap of grey ashes in the centre of the stamped earth floor testified that a fire had recently been made; and only the patient smoke of many years could have polished those beams inside the hut into that shining surface of rich brown hue.

We took the hint, and presently the cheery sight of dancing flames lit up the scene. At first a dense smoke filled the building, and there seemed to be no choice

between freezing and suffocation, when some bright spirit bethought himself of knocking out a portion of the roof by means of a long pole, and so making an *improvised* chimney. The current of air thus effected instantaneously carried off the dense smoke-clouds, leaving the atmosphere comparatively clear. Like a swarm of fireflies, the sparks flew upwards, probing the mysterious darkness of the cavernous roof; and now as the blast swept by outside, shaking the walls and fanning the flames to an angry growl, the grey wood ashes were likewise stirred to life, and, wafted aloft in the guise of fluttering white moths, they joined in a whirling dance with the golden fireflies.

We had suspended our drenched clothing from the cross-beams near the fire, and begun to prepare our evening meal, when a startling interruption gave a new current to our thoughts. One of the guides who had been collecting firewood outside rushed in exclaiming, "A bear! a bear! There is a young bear up there among the rocks!"

Breathless we hurried to the door, and our sportsman seized his gun, trembling with joyful anticipation, and almost too much agitated to load. The snowstorm had momentarily relaxed its violence; and there sure enough, on the rising ground a little above the hut, we espied a black and shaggy creature gazing at us furtively from over a large boulder stone. It could be nothing else but a bear.

With palpitating hearts we watched the huntsman steal upwards till within shot, terrified lest the bear should take alarm too soon. But no—this was not the sort of disappointment in store for us! The animal let himself be approached till within fifty yards. It was a perfectly ideal bear in all respects, coming as it seemed with such obliging readiness to be shot at our very threshold.

Delusive dream! too beautiful to last! One moment more and the shot would be fired. We held our breath to listen, and then—oh, woful disappointment!—the gun was lowered, and the expectant huntsman called out in heart-broken accents, "It is only a dog!"

Only a poor famished dog, forgotten by the shepherds on their descent into the valley, and which probably had been prowling round the hut ever since in hopes of seeing its masters return. The animal was shaggy and uncouth in the extreme, gaunt, and wild-looking from hunger, with glaring yellow eyes, which gazed at us piteously from out its bushy hair. Even

at a very short distance the resemblance to a bear was striking.

We called the poor outcast, and would fain have given him food and shelter; but he was wild and scared, and could not be persuaded to approach within reach, so we had to content ourselves with throwing him food from a distance, which he stealthily devoured whenever he thought himself unobserved.

After this bitter disappointment we returned to the hut, and there made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit, completing our cooking operations not without a sigh of regret for the delicate bear's paws we had just now been expecting to sup upon, though a brace of the *Haselhühner* shot the previous day in the Bistra forest, and now roasted on a spit, gave us no right to complain of the quality of our food. Our next care was to prepare the sleeping-couches, for here there was not even a bundle of straw to soften the hard boards. Luckily these forests contain an endless supply of patent spring mattresses; and a few armfuls of freshly cut fir branches, with a rug spread over them, make as good a bed as any one need wish for.

A Scotch plaid, hung along the wall, kept off the worst draughts; and a roaring fire, sustained the whole night, prevented us from perishing with cold. Our resting-places were close alongside of this improvised hearth, with barely enough room to pass between without singeing one's clothes; yet when our faces were roasting, our backbones felt often as cold as ice, so it became necessary to turn one's self round from time to time, when in evident danger of getting overdone at one side. Our guides slumbered at the other side of the hearth, taking turns to sit up and tend the fire. Many a massive log was burnt that night, and not only trunks and branches, but much of the rustic furniture as well, was pressed into service as firewood. The shepherds next summer will require to furnish their house anew.

It was late before sleep came to any of us that night; and when at last we closed our eyes, our slumber was disturbed and fitful. Visions of ghosts and sorcerers, of bears and bandits, flitted successively through our brain; and scarcely less strange than dreamland was the reality to which we were often aroused by alternate twinges of cold and heat; the smouldering fire at our elbow, the slumbering guides, and the white moths and fireflies whirling overhead in the frenzied mazes of a wild Sabbath dance, to which the

moaning wind, like the wailing voice of some unquiet spirit, played a mournful accompaniment.

When morning came we reviewed our situation dispassionately. The storm was over, and the day, though dull, was fair as yet; but the horizon was clouded, and some peasants who came by told us of snow lying deep on the mountains we were bound for. We could no longer blind ourselves to the fact that summer was over, and that the troublesome mists which but a fortnight ago could easily be dispersed by the sun's disdainful smile, were now the masters up here.

It was clearly impossible to proceed further under the circumstances; so remembering that discretion is often the best part of valor, we resolved to cut short our expedition, postponing all further exploration to a more favorable season.

When our little caravan was set in motion, I turned round to take a last look at the hut which had sheltered us, and which most likely I shall never see again. There, motionless on a neighboring rock, was crouched the gaunt figure of the hungry dog, gazing intently before him. Then, as I watched, he crept stealthily down till he had reached the half-open door of the empty *stina*, where, after a cautious investigation to assure himself that the coast was really clear, he entered and was lost to my sight within. Doubtless he thought to warm himself at the fire we had left, and find some food scraps remaining over from our meals.

Poor famished dog, abandoned in this mountain wilderness, what will be your fate? Long before sunset the dying embers will have turned cold, and where then can you turn for warmth? Will you die of thirst and hunger, or will it be your lot to fall a prey to the wild beasts of the forest? Yesterday you unconsciously enacted the part of the bear, and to-morrow perhaps Bruin himself will come and fetch you.

Surely it had been a more merciful fate, if the deception had lasted a little longer, and a kindly bullet been lodged in your unsuspecting heart!

POWER OF THE IRISH IN AMERICAN CITIES.

THE following letter was lately addressed to the *Times* by "An American:" "In the article entitled 'The Abuse of Citizenship,' in Wednesday's issue of your

journal, the number of Irish in the United States is put down at 1,854,571 for the year 1880, being only 27.7 per cent. of the total foreign-born population, whereas the German element is said to represent 29.4 per cent., the British 13, the Canadian 10.7, and all others 18 per cent., and it is stated also that the Irish embraced 33.3 per cent. of all foreigners in 1870. From these figures the writer produces the conclusion that 'the numerical ascendancy of the Irish has vanished in America,' and that 'the American politicians might do well to draw the obvious moral that to pander to a diminishing political force is a blunder—from the point of view of the caucus managers.' But I am sorry to say that the prospect of emancipation from Irish rule in America is not a lively one at present. The reduction of their numerical strength in Ireland has not diminished their political force as factors in British politics. As an American well acquainted with the Irish and their methods in my country, I beg a small space in your columns to state some facts that may throw a little light on the subject. First, then, let it be borne in mind that nearly the whole two millions of Irish now in the United States reside in the cities and towns, where they can most easily organize and bring their strength to bear on American politics and obtain offices and party spoils. While nearly half the total population of America are dispersed over the land, following agricultural pursuits, not five per cent. of the Irish live by farming, and the few that do are mostly Protestants from Ulster. It is doubtful if one per cent. of the Catholic Irish work land for a living in the 'Great Republic.' This may seem strange to your readers when it is considered that farming was their sole pursuit in Ireland—at least of more than nine-tenths of them. On the other hand, perhaps one-half of all the Germans in America follow farming as an avocation. The same is true of the Scandinavians, who have become a strong element in the Western States. A large percentage of the British and Canadian immigrants till the soil, but the Italians, Poles, Bohemians, and the Jews of all nationalities, like the Irish, plant themselves in the cities and villages, and eschew the plough and the hoe. It will thus be seen that the Catholic Irish are the dominant stratum of the foreigners in our urban population. Secondly, the two millions of city Irish are mostly adults. Their American-born children number fully two millions more; for they are given to having

large families, as inculcated by their priests. This concentration of the whole Catholic Irish nationality in the northern cities (few of them live in the south) gives them enormous power in the party caucuses, and enables them to dictate and control the nominations and secure to themselves the lion's share of the political spoil. They are notoriously the most active, elbowing, pushing, grasping politicians in our country. There is scarcely a town in the Northern States, big or little, where they have not clutched control of the taxing and spending power of the municipalities, and the appointing power as well. Thus, they hold the greater proportion of the places on the police and fire departments, and of the public works and charities supported by taxes, and municipal clerkships of all sorts. Of how they discharge their duties nothing need be said here. Having secured the taxing power, their constant effort everywhere is to increase the 'rates' on the taxpayers, in order to raise salaries higher, and find places for more Irish office-holders. A constant struggle is going on in all our Northern cities between the American taxpayers and the Irish "taxraters," as they are usually called, and it is a struggle for existence on the part of the American element. Thirdly, what adds immensely to the power of the Irish in America is the fact that almost the entire Catholic sect acts always with one party—the Democratic and the Irish faction dominates that Church. The German Catholics are a large numerical element in all our cities, and they are as a rule a quiet, unobtrusive people, and not much given to office-grasping; but they vote the ticket labelled 'Democratic' without 'scratching' and with great punctuality, and as that ticket is constructed chiefly by the alert, rapacious Irish in the party caucuses, the strong German Catholic electorate is made very useful by the Celtic politicians in electing it. The Polish, Hungarian, Bohemian, Italian, and other foreign voters contribute to the same end, all being obedient to the Catholic Irish dictatorship. The Irish power in American politics is therefore practically equivalent to the whole strength of the Roman Catholic voting power. Fourthly, an enormous advantage the Irish possess over the other Catholic foreign elements is their use of the English tongue. This enables them to speak, write, and discuss in the legal language of the courts and legislative bodies, and in the tongue employed by the caucuses and conventions.

Comparatively few of the other Catholic foreigners can use the English vernacular with any fluency or freedom, but speak it imperfectly and hesitatingly. It is easy to see what an advantage the Irish politicians derive from their knowledge of the 'American language.' Fifthly, the foreign-born population, together with their American-born children, whom they influence in their political action, constitute a majority of most Northern cities and towns, and the larger part of all these are Roman Catholics and under Irish domination. Hence the American politician feels constrained to pander to the ruling Celtic class among us, and I can perceive no emancipation from such rule in the near future. Just enough of the Irish act with the Republican party, or constantly promise to do it, to prevent the Republican leaders and press from saying anything disagreeable about them. A considerable number of Irish in New York, Chicago, Albany, Buffalo, and a few other cities, voted for Blaine (while voting for all the rest of the Democratic ticket), and talk of doing so again in 1888 in still larger numbers; and this hope makes the Republican leaders smile on the Home Rulers, and causes Democratic politicians to hug the Celtic Nationalists all the closer to their bosoms lest they may lose them at the next presidential struggle. In the Northern States the great bulk of the native element belongs to the Republican party, and perhaps half of the Protestant foreign-born citizens act with the same party, which accounts for the ease with which the Irish control the caucuses of the Democratic party in the cities and towns — the native Democratic element being weak in numbers in the Northern cities, but they sometimes 'bolt the ticket' made for them by the Irish,

and join hands with the Republicans in behalf of municipal reform. This happens when the extravagances of expenditure and corruptions in office of the Irish politicians become unendurable, and the taxpayers can no longer bear the burdens laid upon them by the Home Ruling race. But after a short season of retrenchment and reform, the Irish politicians always manage to reclaim the dissident partisans, partly by blandishments and promises of reform, and partly by dividing the offices more equally with the native-born Democrats, but mainly through party ties and necessities in presidential election years. To the foregoing must be added the peculiar and remarkable aptitude of the Irish to seize control of the caucus machinery, and through it rule the party they act with. The chief ambition of the Irish in America appears to be to get offices and gain a livelihood at the expense of the taxpayers. They have succeeded in these objects to an astonishing extent, and now hold and enjoy tens of thousands of public places of all kinds in the urban communities. Next to getting an office, their most popular occupation is 'keeping a saloon' for the sale of liquor, as such places are centres of political influence and stepping-stones to office. An enormous number of Irish saloon-keepers are city aldermen in American cities, and these control the taxing power and the dispensing of contracts and jobs, and the filling of minor offices with swarms of their countrymen. And thus are American cities Home Ruled and all American political life influenced and injured. The thousands of Americans in Europe who read the *Times* will recognize the general accuracy and truthfulness of the foregoing, and it is high time the facts were stated."

THE FUEL OF THE FUTURE.—A New York artist has produced a simple design for heating entirely by gas at a merely nominal expense, basing it on the well-known fact that gas throws off no appreciable amount of smoke, soot, or dirt. The inventor fills a brazier with pieces of colored glass, and places several jets of gas beneath. The glass soon becomes heated sufficiently to warm thoroughly a room thirty feet by ten feet in size. The invention does away with the necessity for chimneys, since there is no smoke; but ventilation will have to be provided. The heat may be raised or lowered by simply regulating the flow of gas. The colored glass

gives all the appearance of fire; there are black pieces to represent coal, red pieces for flames, yellowish-white glass for white heat, blue glass for blue flames, and hues for all the remaining colors of the spectrum. Invention already is displacing the present fuels for furnaces and cooking-ranges, and glass is doing away with delay and such disagreeable objects as ashes, kindling-woods, etc. It would appear that the house of the near future will have no fireplace, steam-pipes, chimneys, or flues, and wood, coal, oil, and other forms of fuel will disappear in factories and workshops.

Iron.